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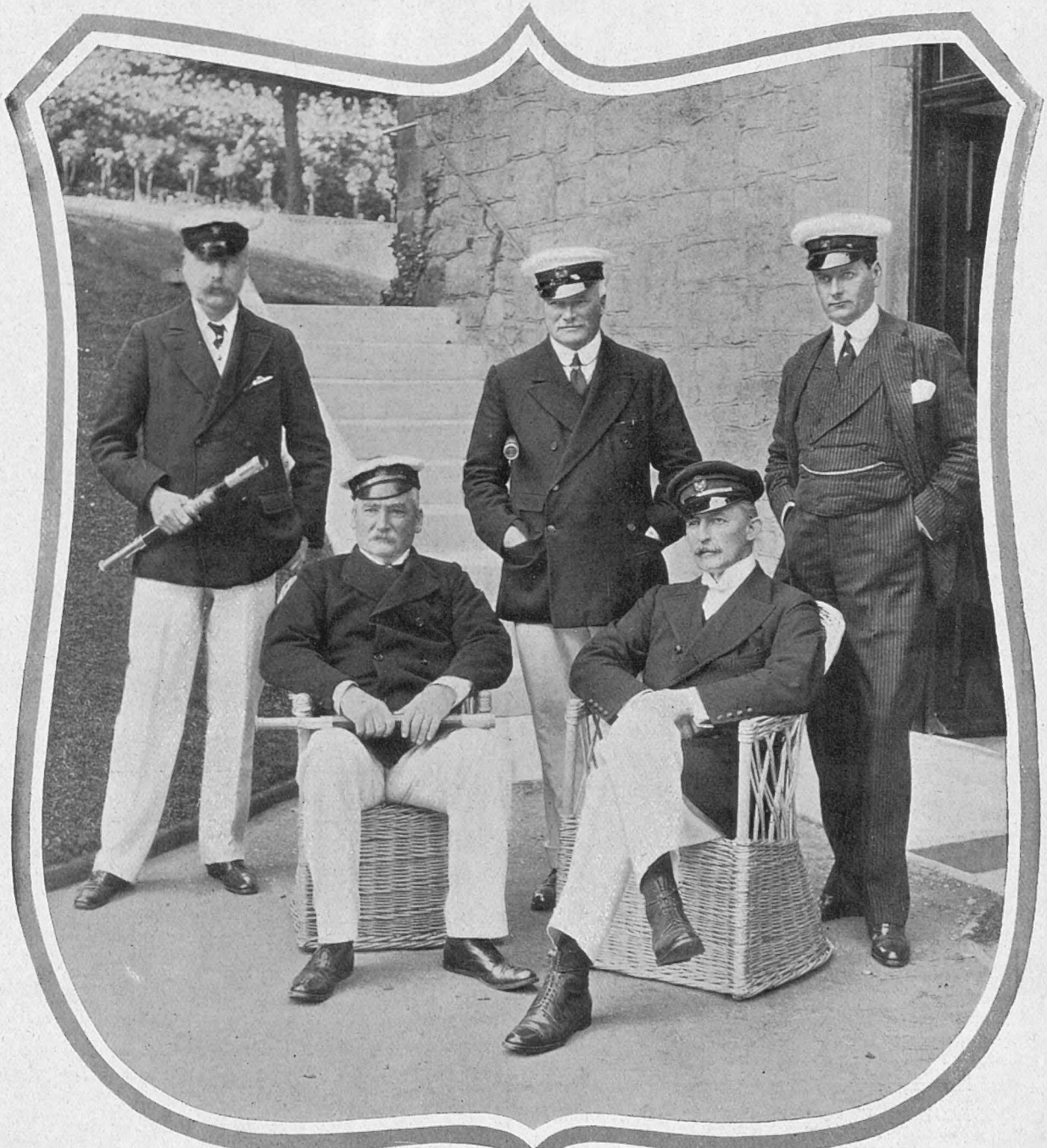

Photo *Parker and Knight*

Colonel Roberts Lord Ormonde Colonel McCalmont Lord Albemarle Mr. R. Charteris

COWES YACHTSMEN: THE SAILING COMMITTEE OF THE SQUADRON

No. 193.—Vol. XV.

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OFFICE: TALLIS STREET, WHITEFRIARS, E.C.

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday August 14, 1907

It has been a full week. What with Parliament sitting, and Cowes, and the Esperanto Congress, and School Hygiene, and Channel swimming, and the Belfast strike, no one can complain that this month of August is lacking in entertainment. A proof of this is that the giant gooseberry has not been heard of, and the "marino serpento"—if we may esperant for a moment—"non esto visibilo," even to a coast-guard with a telescopo.

* * *

Personally, we do not agree with those silly season writers who complain that the late Session of Parliament interferes with their livelihood. It is an age of competition, and there should be Free Trade in folly. And M.P.'s, as professionals, can certainly give the rest of us points in this direction.

* * *

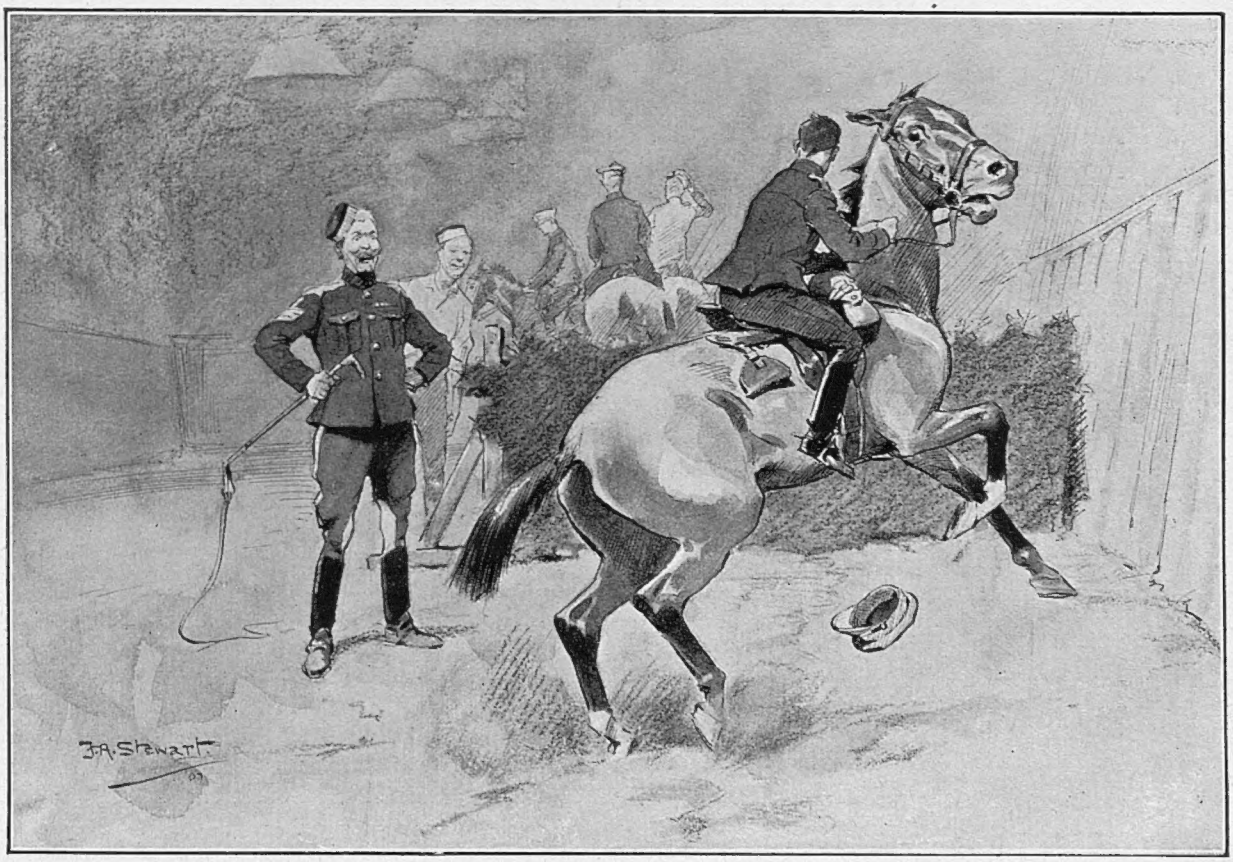
Nevertheless, the Speaker has decreed that the word "Nonsense"—used by Mr. McKenna last week in that interjectional manner which is becoming so popular in the House—is not a Parliamentary expression. Members should look about for some equivalent phrase. It is certainly needed.

* * *

What is the War Office about not to have any dirigible balloons to compete with those of France and Germany? It is true that such balloons are, under present conditions, admittedly useless in time of war. But then contractors might be making a lot out of them.

* * *

According to the *Daily Graphic*, Germany has really solved the problem of effective cow-catchers on electric tram-cars. In Dresden, the cars are to be equipped with fenders that will pick up anything—from a man to a dog—placed in front of it, and "carry it along without the slightest injury." Apparently, in Dresden there will be no need to stop a car or buy a ticket. The stout Dresdner will just hurl himself on the lines in front of the tram, and be borne along without a bruise to his destination. Perhaps, however, if it were raining, it would be nicer to travel inside.



He Went to Barracks Afterwards

SERGT.-MAJOR: "Now then! What's the matter with that horse?"
RECRUIT: "I don't like to tell you, sir"
SERGT.-MAJOR: "Come on, *out* with it!"
RECRUIT: "Well, I'm just thinking that it's that red head of yours that's a-frightenin' of him"

(BY F. A. STEWART)

We should like to see some of these cow-catchers tried on our faster motors. Then a drive at top-speed through the country should produce an interesting bag. We might read of something like this :—

"Mr. Smith, travelling from London to Cambridge on his 80 h.-p. Nelson, picked up six hens, five dogs, two children and perambulators, three plain-clothes policemen with stop-watches, an assortment of hedgers and road-menders; also, the country rector, with curate, pony-trap and complete set of harness. They will be returned when called for."

* * *

The police may fancy that the report of the Commission of Inquiry will re-establish them in the favour of the public, but, before that happens, they will also have to change some of their methods. Alcohol may be a depressant, or a stimulant, or a food, or a poison (doctors don't know, and we will not pretend to); but it is certain that a man suspected of having partaken unhygienically, and brought to a police-station on that suspicion, ought not to be tested by being made "to sit on the floor, put his hands behind his back, and get up without touching anything." Counsel, in a case of this sort that came up last week, said that he could not pass such a test himself. We do not know his shape. But we know the shape of a good many eminent counsel, and they couldn't even put their hands behind their backs.

* * *

The whole test is, indeed, preposterous, and it would be no use changing it to putting one's hands round one's front. That would be even more impossible for many people, though they might never have touched anything but ginger-beer in their lives. Cocoa is particularly fattening.

* * *

The object of the London Sight-seeing Company —started by two Rhodes scholars—is to show people London at 6*s*. a round, with descriptions, in which "the racy dialogue of Cornell will be combined with the idealism and romance of Oxford." Londoners may feel a trifle humbled by the comprehensiveness of this programme, but they should bear in mind that Nineveh and Babylon are no more, and they were tidy-sized towns once.

* * *

It is hard to lead the simple life. Already, we are informed, all the caravans in the country are engaged for August, and those who desire to travel through England must do so in motors or what not, and sleep in large rooms and comfortable beds. This is bad luck for people who envy the sardine his tin; but, by ordering early, one may be sure of lying tight next year by a bubbling stream or farm-pond. The gnats will keep.

* * *

By the way, the woad harvest is now being picked in South Lincolnshire. Englishmen have given up painting themselves blue in favour of painting other people red, and consequently this is a dyeing industry. Even Protection would not greatly help it. Pageants might, though we doubt it. Everyone is for teaching history by illustration nowadays, but there is still a prejudice against being too early English. The colour-scheme was so crude.

* * *

A professor is stated to have invented a perfect machine for cramming birds, and, in spite of the bad weather, many sportsmen are of opinion that this discovery may enable partridges to get ready by the First.

* * *

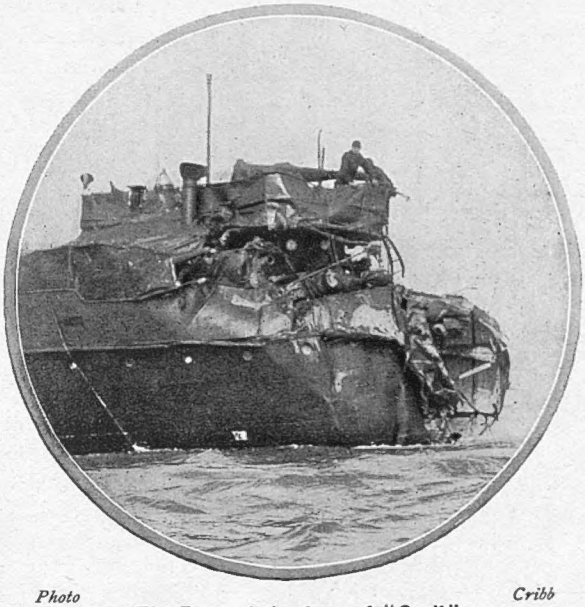


Photo *Cribb*

The Bows of the damaged "Quail"

The destroyer of the Home Fleet which collided with the scout *Attentive* in the Channel on the 7th inst. She was reduced by the impact to a mass of débris, and four of her men were injured. The *Attentive* was uninjured

Science is always coming to the help of the traveller, but we are not sure that we should like to carry a "Pocket Hygrometer, for detecting damp beds." Those who like to be mathematically certain that the beds they have to sleep in are damp should buy one. If they died of the effects of the damp, their heirs might be able to recover from the landlady on the strength of the instrument's evidence.

* * *

Where a Hygrometer would be useful would be for testing milk. Some people would like it for ascertaining the strength of their whisky. It would really be indispensable to travellers in Scotland who wished to know for certain if it was raining—or only a mist.

* * *

Recently we ran against the man on whose advice we bought Consols some time back in the expectation of their having touched rock bottom. The hospital people say he may, with care, be about again in six months.

* * *

The placard of the current issue of *Madame* announces "An Appeal to Parents: Dress for the Holidays!" We hope the parents will do so. There are, after all, limits to the Godiva craze.

MOUNTAINEERING IN THE HIGHEST ALPS
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SEE THIS WEEK'S "GRAPHIC"

Cowes: Three Notable Yachts

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

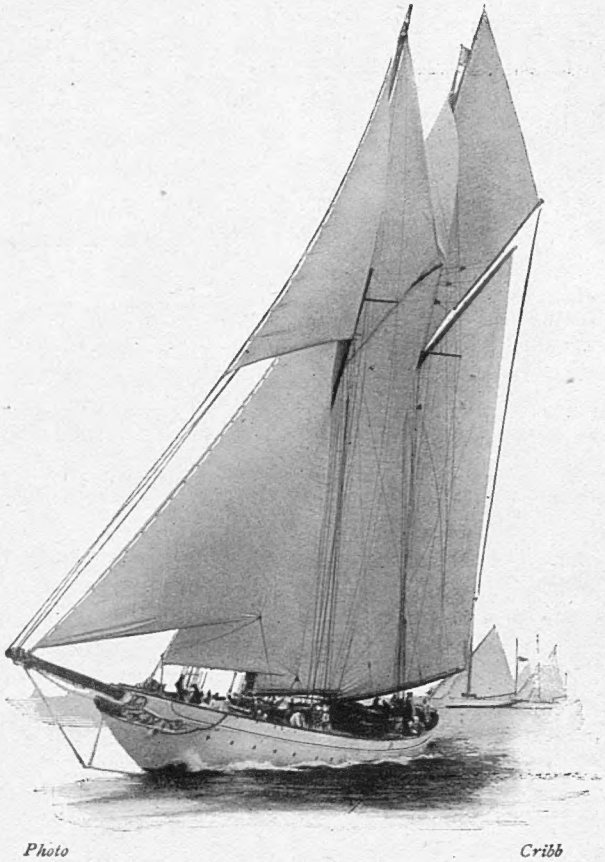


Photo *Cribb*

Kaiser's and King's Cup Races

Susanne, first home in the race for the Kaiser's Cup (though a loser on time), returning to her moorings

The German Emperor's yacht, *Meteor*. On *Meteor* winning, the King called for three cheers for the Kaiser

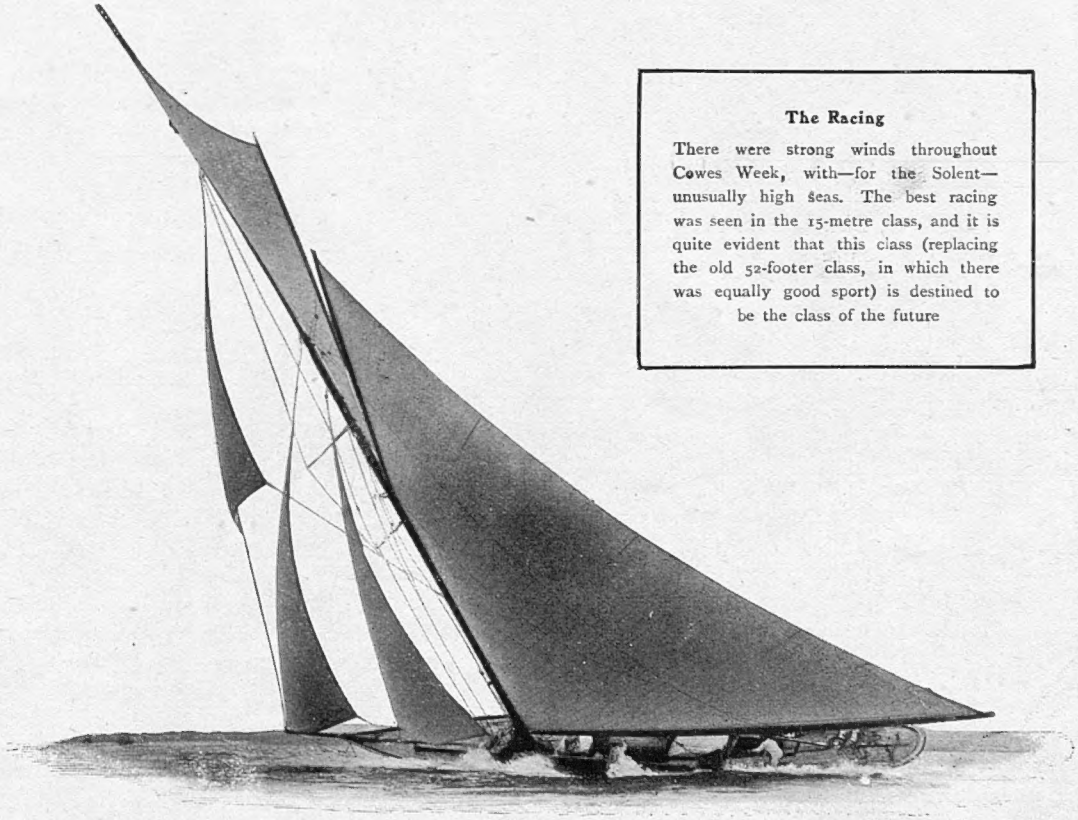


Photo *Cribb*

Winner of the Countess Dudley's Cup

Mr. W. P. Burton's *Brimart*, the most successful boat in the 15-metre class

The Racing

There were strong winds throughout Cowes Week, with—for the Solent—unusually high seas. The best racing was seen in the 15-metre class, and it is quite evident that this class (replacing the old 52-footer class, in which there was equally good sport) is destined to be the class of the future

THE CIRCUIT SYSTEM

The Address to the King praying for the appointment of an additional Judge did not pass through Parliament without evoking all the old arguments for and against the Circuits, and it was not uninteresting to observe that the most vociferous opponents of the system were those who have had the least practical experience of it. Mr. Buckmaster, K.C., a well-known leader in the Chancery Courts, even went so far as to say that if the Circuits were abolished the present staff of Judges would be more than strong enough in numbers. No doubt they would, if all the work at present done on Circuit were abolished too; but it can hardly be expected that the inhabitants of Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, and Birmingham—not to mention smaller places—would refrain from bringing actions or committing crimes merely because no Assizes were held in those towns. It is quite a delusion to suppose that time is wasted on Circuit, the short hours at some places being more than made up for by the long ones at others.

One of Its Defects

But although it would be a great mistake to abolish the system altogether, or to group all the business together into five or six towns, it must be admitted that it has some defects, which might well be amended. One of these is the practice of taking some of the most important places much too late in the term. For instance, Birmingham Assizes always begin about a fortnight before the Vacations. Every summer there is a substantial list of causes for trial, and it looks, on paper, as if the two Judges would have a pretty busy time. But the same result always follows: the first three or four cases are tried out, then most of the rest are settled, and the work is all over in ten days. This has caused a great deal of local dissatisfaction, and it has been hinted that the Judges force the parties to a settlement in order to get away for the Vacation. But the real fact is, that the litigants who are low down in the list find that they are not in a position to have their cases tried in the summer holidays. Their witnesses are away, and will have to be brought back at considerable expense, and they themselves would prefer sea air to the atmosphere of the Courts in August.

The Pageantry of Assizes

Another popular error appeared in the course of the discussion. One or two Members of a frugal turn of mind drew attention to what may be called the pageantry of Assizes—the trumpeters, javelin-men, State coach, etc.—and suggested that these might well be abolished, and that the money so saved would go a long way towards paying the salary of the additional Judge. Possibly it would; but those Members were evidently not aware that not one penny of that money comes out of the pockets of the taxpayer, but is all provided by the unfortunate High Sheriff. And I should be very sorry to see any of the old State formalities done away with. The Judge comes to Assizes as the representative of the Sovereign, to administer justice and pass judgment of life or death. For him to drive up to the Courts in a station-fly would be to lower the dignity of his office.

A Costly Dignity

But the expense of the ceremonial ought certainly to be borne by the public. The office of High Sheriff costs its holder from £500 to £1,000 a year, and although that does not much matter in great counties like Yorkshire and Lancashire, where there are many rich men, and the same individual is not called upon to officiate more than once, it is a great hardship in some others, where a small landowner may have to serve two or three times in the course of his life.

A Little Jap-Shot

Three little Gei ha Girls, from the Japanese Village, taking a walk in the grounds of the Earl's Court Exhibition

WIG AND GOWN
(*Continued*)

Lady Godiva's Costume

QUITE SEEMLY, AFTER ALL, THANKS TO MR. CLARKSON AND A LITTLE CHIFFON

La Milo (carefully enshrouded in a golden wig and some chiffon) rides through Coventry as Lady Godiva

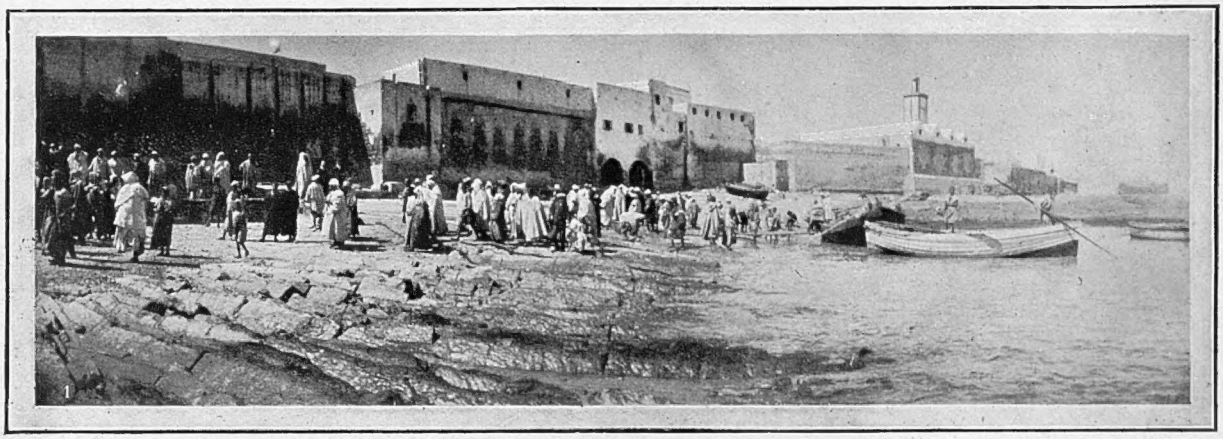
So far from shocking the 100,000 spectators, the spectacle had a positively improving effect. Even the clergy and the Corporation had a peep

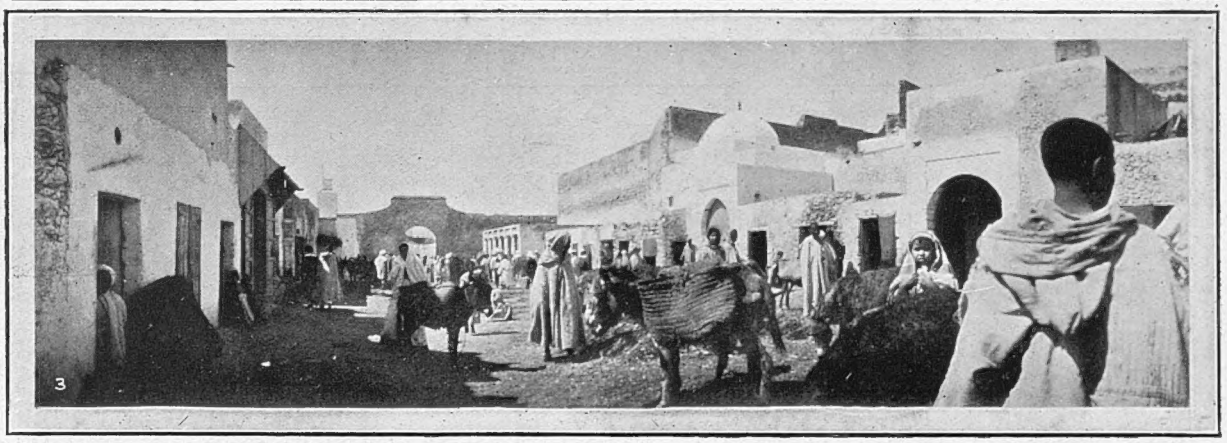
The Motor as an Aid to Charity

Motor manufacture being the staple industry of Coventry to-day, it was a happy thought of the Daimler Company to aid the charitable objects of the Pageant by sending out a lorry covered with a collecting sheet for the crowd's contributions. The Daimler Company, by the way, designed and presented to the Committee the official programme of the Pageant—a charming publication

LATEST FROM THE MOORS

The Shooting at Casa Blanca





(1) Landing on the "Quay"
(2) At the Water-Gate
(3) A Street Scene
(4) In the Bazaars

Morocco is so near within call of Europe that the Moors are credited by many people with a higher degree of civilisation than is their just due. A glance at the above photographs of Casa Blanca, the town bombarded and seized last week by the French, conveys at once the facts. Morocco is, as will be seen, as truly Oriental as any country of the East. Compared to it, the Turkish Empire, and even Persia, are advanced. Save in a quarter of Tangier, Morocco remains much as it was in the days of the Prophet, but, perhaps, a little more barbaric

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

To London Town
from Babylon
The pageant of the
world goes by!
For you, for you,
I pause and con
A Stander-By.

Photo *Bassano*

The New Marquis of Bristol

(Lately Captain Frederick Hervey, the Unionist M.P. for Bury St. Edmunds)

The King at Wilhelmshöhe

Schloss Wilhelmshöhe, near Cassel, where to-day King Edward visits his nephew, the German Emperor, has interesting associations. It was here that Napoleon III. spent the seven months of his captivity in Germany, and it was in the castle of Wilhelmshöhe that the present Kaiser lodged when, with his brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, he attended the fine public school of Cassel. Here, also, in the year that he ascended the throne, King Edward, after the funeral of his sister, the Empress Frederick, paid a personal call of condolence on the Kaiser, motoring over from Homburg for the purpose.

* * *

And at Ischl

To-morrow the King is to visit the Emperor Francis Joseph and the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland at Ischl, the lovely little town in the Austrian Alps which, to the aged Emperor, is redolent with the happiest associations of his otherwise tragic life. Here he first saw the wayward, charming child who became his wife and met with so sad a fate; and to Ischl—to the beautiful Empress, waiting, with her little son Rudolph and her daughter Gisela, in the great white castle on the Traun—the Emperor came heart-broken from the horrors of Solferino, Palestro, and Magenta, and smarting from the humiliating peace just concluded with the Emperor Napoleon at Villafranca. At Ischl, too, a year ago, the aged Emperor, aged as much with sorrow as with years, welcomed right royally the Empress Eugénie, widow of his erstwhile enemy. They had much in common. Both had lost an only son, the one a wife, the other a husband, and both had borne their many griefs with a high courage which proved them truly Royal.

Lady Godiva—An Orgie of Decorum

So the Lady Godiva foolery is over, and the Coventry Pageant has closed with a perfect orgie of decorum. In last week's most seemly procession, La Milo rode her part so as to satisfy all requirements, historical and hysterical. With the joint aid of Mr. Clarkson and a little chiffon, she was enabled to "present" Lady Godiva realistically to the assembled thousands, and yet to expose less of the Milo form than she would had she elected to ride in a low-necked evening gown.

Photo *Barnett*

Guarding the "Entente" during the Holidays

Mme. Geoffroy, the wife of M. Geoffroy, the Minister Plenipotentiary of France during M. Cambon's absence. Mme. Geoffroy, as an accomplished *diplomate* and a woman of exceptional charm and influence, has a large share of the business of conducting Anglo-French relations during the present vacation

* * *

The Canterbury Week

All good things come to an end—even Canterbury and Cowes. The only consolation is they will come again. As surely as August comes round so surely do the men and women of Kent rally to their Cricket Week. What the Regatta is to Cowes, that is The Week to Canterbury—its one enlivener; the staple of its modern existence. In Canterbury, during the days following Bank Holiday, there seemed little or no danger of the famous Week falling out of favour. Wildly excited girls and boys, deeply interested men and women, flocked in their thousands into the quiet old Cathedral town. Drags and motors thundered and buzzed up the narrow High Street, and the "Fleur de Lys," one of the oldest, as it is one of the quaintest and prettiest, inns in England, was hard put to it to provide adequate accommodation. Cricket, of course, filled the day to the exclusion of all else; theatricals, by the celebrated "Old Stagers," and county-balls the night; while at every house within Kentish borders parties in honour of the Week were in progress. Last year, Kent being champion eleven, it (the eleven) had its picture painted by Mr. Chevallier Taylor. This year, the

The King's Naval Cruise

same is to be hung in the pavilion for all who run to read.

* * *

Cowes, Too

Cowes, too, is over, and Cowes, too, shows no sign of flagging. The delights, the charm, the manifold excitements of Cowes are so unending that it is quite impossible in a few words to deal anything but most inadequately therewith. But certainly this year's Cowes was ideal. The weather, the bogey of the Regatta Week, behaved itself exceptionally well. J. P. must have heard the prayer of THE BYSTANDER. It blew for the racers, and it shined for the watchers, so everyone was pleased. Of the watchers, by the way, there seem an increasing number every year. They are mostly women. They attend Cowes as they attend Ascot, because it is "the thing," but, except to cross from Portsmouth, they are glued to dry land all the time.

* * *

The King and Queen

Landlubbers at Cowes, however, must be content, in so far as following in Royal footsteps is concerned, to be out of the movement. For the Queen and Princess Victoria, as well as the Connaught ladies and Princess Henry of Battenberg, spend the week on the waters. The Queen, except perhaps for a short visit to the Club gardens or to do a little shopping in the fascinating little town, never leaves the Royal yacht unless it is in a smart steam pinnace, white and glittering and topped with the Royal ensign, to visit yet another yacht. Her Majesty's enthusiasm for yachting increases rather than decreases with the years. It is her favourite form of pleasure, and the King, for there is always a sporting element about it, is scarcely less keen. This season, by driving unaccompanied, except by his dog Cæsar, in a low sociable through the town, he revived a precedent set by his mother, Queen Victoria, who always drove on one day in the week through Cowes as far as the Castle.

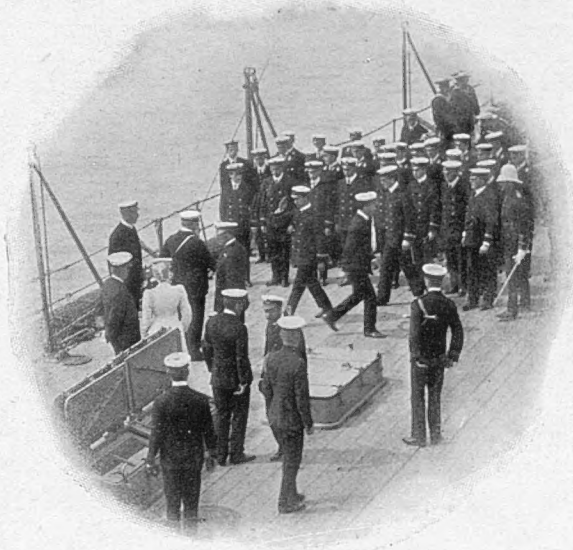


Photo *Cribb*

The officers of the "Dreadnought" being inspected by their Majesties the King and Queen, and the Prince of Wales, in Cowes Roads

* * *

A First Lady

M. Cambon, the French Ambassador, is a widower. The wife, therefore, of his Minister Plenipotentiary, M. Leon Geoffroy, is, to all intents and purposes, leading lady at the French Embassy. Mme. Geoffroy is quite worthy of her high estate. She is a Frenchwoman of the best, and therefore unequalled, type. Always exquisitely dressed, she is as clever, as accomplished, and *simpatica* as she is charming. Like the majority of her wise countrywomen, she is her husband's "right-hand-man." M. Geoffroy came to London twelve years ago as Councillor to the Embassy, with M. Decrais as his Chief. He held the same office under Baron de Courcel, and under M. Cambon he has been promoted to be Minister. His next step will be a Legation. Meanwhile, in the absence on leave of M. Cambon, M. Geoffroy is the practical head of the Embassy. It is, of course, as most people are aware, in an important Embassy such as that of France in England, on the Minister rather than on the Ambassador that most of the real hard work devolves. The Ambassador has the responsibility, the Court duties, the honour, the glory, and the kudos. The Minister, like the curate, gets the worst of the work and not too much of the pay, and on him fall all the thousand and one duties—the attendances, ceremonies, receptions, and the like—which are inevitably attached to the offices of diplomacy.

* * *

At Tulchan Lodge

In accordance with now long-established custom, the King and the Prince of Wales will again this year shoot over Mr. Arthur Sassoon's Tulchan moors. Tulchan, besides providing some of the finest sport, is also one of the most comfortable shooting-boxes in Scotland. It belongs to the Countess Dowager of Seafield, whose own Castle Grant moors are generally placed at her tenant's (Mr. Sassoon's) disposal during the Royal visit. For many years both the Tulchan and Adire moors were leased by Mr. Bass, father of Lord Burton, and it was during his tenancy that the present fine lodge was built. It is situated in the very midst of the lovely Strathspey scenery, and provides almost as good salmon fishing on the Spey as grouse shooting on the moors. The late Mr. Bass entertained large parties there every autumn, and among the guests most often invited was Mr. John Bright, whose views and those of his host on the subject of strong drink were naturally at total variance. The fact, however, was not allowed to interfere with their friendship, or the valiant John's visits to a house whose very foundations were built up on beer.

* * *

The Sassoons

For many years the Sassoon family has basked in the sunshine of the Royal favour. The late Mr. Reuben Sassoon, brother of the King's Tulchan host, was one of his Majesty's most intimate friends. Compared with the Sassoons the oldest English

Interesting People at Cowes

Lord Leith of Fyvie

(With stick in hand)

Mr. Pierpont Morgan

In the gardens of the Royal Yacht Squadron. On the millionaire's left is the Duke of Leeds

Charmingly Informal: A Royal Group on the Quay

Consisting of H.R.H. Princess Patricia (in the centre) with, on the right, Princess Henry of Battenberg, Prince Leopold of Battenberg, and Prince Arthur of Connaught. On the left of the Princess is Lord William Cecil, Comptroller to the Battenberg Household

Photos

A Merry Jest

Lord Dunraven and Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester enjoying a little *jeu d'esprit*

Topical Agency

Count Wrangel

The Swedish Minister, returning from the Royal Yacht, where he had been to present the Swedish Admiral and officers

Dedicated to Grouse: A LODGE A PALACE

Tulchan Lodge, Glen Isla: The Scottish shooting seat of Sir Arthur Sassoon

Where the King and the Prince of Wales will shoot this year, in accordance with long custom

family is, genealogically, of the merest mushroom growth. They claim direct descent from a gentleman called Shephatiah, the fifth of the sons of David, and their name, in England a synonym for vast wealth, is to be found in the Talmud and in much Hebrew mediæval literature. For generations their Hebrew forefathers traded as merchants, and amassed many shekels in Bagdad. A plot to murder them and loot their treasure-filled house drove them to Bombay, where, at Sans Souci, Sir Edward Sassoon still owns a lovely house. Finally, as is the custom of their race, the Sassoons settled down in England, the resting-place of all good Jews, as Paris is that of all good Americans, and here they are and will remain. Mrs. Arthur Sassoon, of Austrian descent, is a refined type of Jewish beauty, and, like her sister-in-law, Lady Sassoon, is a most cultured and intellectual woman. She is a splendid horsewoman and a very keen lawn-tennis player.

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At Balmoral

The Queen, provided present arrangements hold good, should arrive at Balmoral to-morrow. Her Majesty has no more love for her Highland home than has the King, whose stay there this year—sandwiched between Doncaster, several visits, and the Second October Meeting at Newmarket—will be of the briefest possible duration. But it is thought that Highland air will be of benefit to Princess Victoria, whose health is still far from satisfactory

Photos *Valentine*

Scone Palace: The Perthshire seat of Lord Mansfield

Which his lordship, who owns about 50,000 acres of Scottish land, now seeks to disentail. It was for many years the residence of the early Scottish monarchs, and the place of their coronation. The last monarch crowned at Scone was Charles II., on January 1, 1651. Lord Mansfield's present abode is built on the site of the ancient palace on lawns sloping to the Tay. Much of the antique furniture has been preserved, and includes hangings embroidered by Mary Queen of Scots when a prisoner at Lochleven, and a bed that belonged to James VI.

And an Ancestral Castle

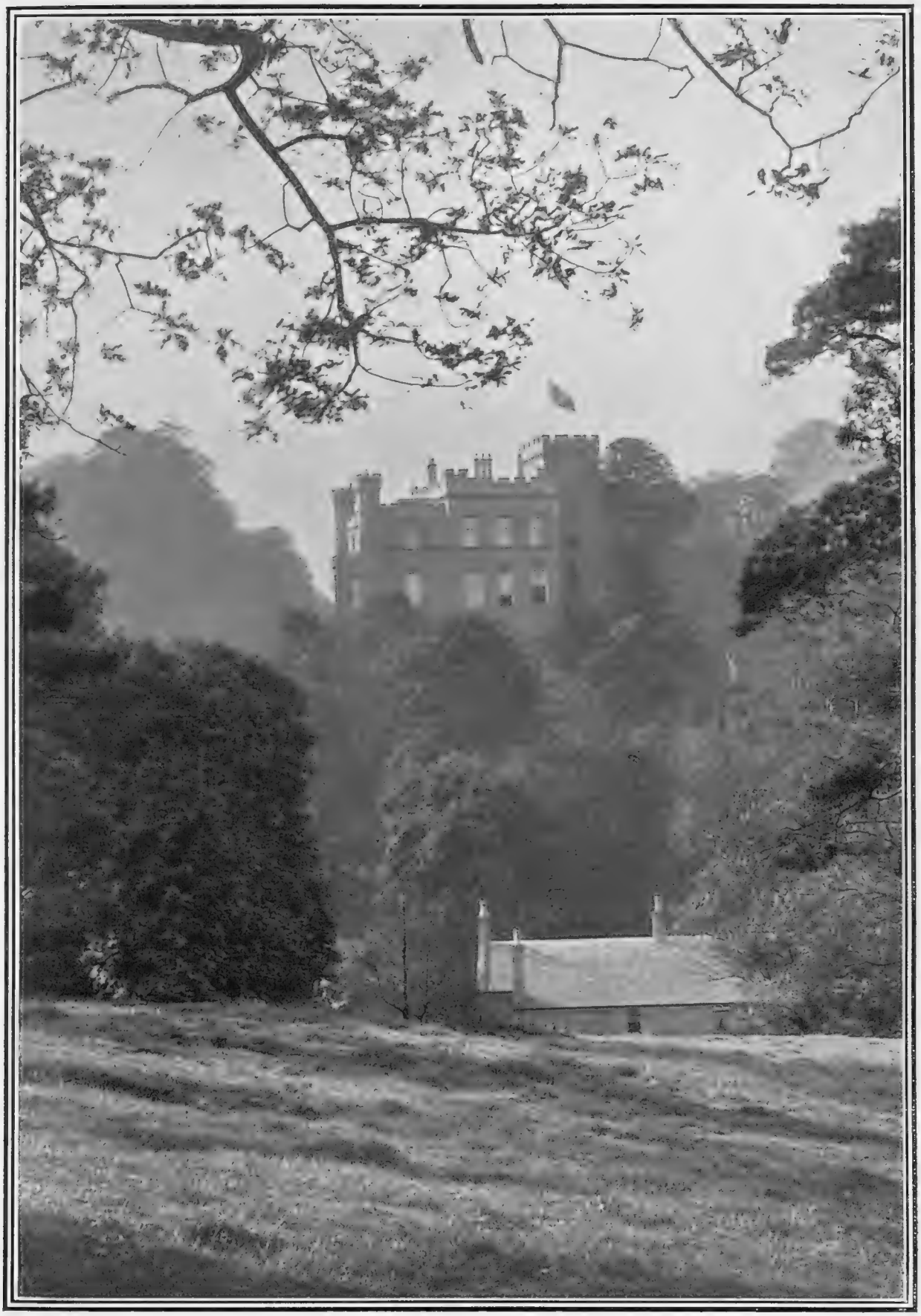

Photo *Reid*

Wishaw, N.B., Lord Belhaven's fine seat in the Highlands, now the rendezvous of a grouse-shooting party

The title of Belhaven and Stenton was granted by Charles I. in 1647, but some hundred years later the title fell to the Hamiltons of Wishaw, and with it Wishaw House, which is a fine specimen of the castle architecture of the period

In Their Proper Places, No Doubt

Hence the Queen's early arrival in the North. The usual rumour

Photo *Thomson*

Lord Denman

New Captain of the Gentlemen-at-Arms

that the King would like to sell Balmoral has run its usual course this year. The removal, a few weeks ago, of several van-loads of furniture, ornaments, and pictures gave a semblance of credence to the story. The King, of course, has no intention of disposing of the house for which his mother, the late Queen, had so tremendous a regard. She made, I believe, provision in her will that such an event should never take place, so redolent with old association was the estate for her, and, anyway, her long residence there would make it impossible, for sentimental reasons, that her son should sell it. King Edward, however, did not allow sentiment to interfere with the drastic alterations he made, soon after his accession, in the Balmoral scheme of things, among the first of the innovations being entirely modern upholstery to replace the tartans designed by the Prince Consort and held almost sacred by the late Queen.

* * *

Household Appointments

It was Palmerston, I think, who once, inundated with applications for office in the Royal Household, remarked that it was a generous Providence which ordained that while every flunkey aspired to be a gentleman, every gentleman also aspired to be a flunkey. A post in King Edward's household is no such sinecure as was such a post in the last reign. It means real work, a vast amount of responsibility, and an almost superhuman allowance of tact, and quite the most difficult post of all is that of Master of the Household. Lord Farquhar, an old friend of the King's, has held the position since his Majesty ascended the throne. He has now resigned to take up the less arduous appointment of an extra Lord-in-Waiting, and Colonel Frederick, who has already proved himself a first-rate Deputy-Master, has been appointed in his place.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Lady Clarke

The new "Governess" of Bombay, *i.e.* the wife of Sir G. Sydenham Clarke, the new Governor thereof

Captain of the Gentlemen-at-Arms

So Lord Denman is to be the Captain of the Gentlemen-at-Arms in succession to Lord Beauchamp, who takes up the important post of Lord Steward of the Household, made vacant by the death of Lord Liverpool. Lord Denman is one of the youngest of the Liberal peers. He is credited with ambition—the sin by which "fell the angels"—with a turn, Brutus-like, for oratory, and with a mind given over to serious rather than to frivolous pursuits. He took unto himself a well-dowered bride when he married the only daughter of Sir Weetman Pearson, the millionaire contractor, and he nearly lost a leg in South Africa while fighting with the Middlesex Imperial Yeomanry. His new office is both pleasant and ornamental, and much easier than that which the first Baron of his line essayed when, as Chief Justice, he shared with Brougham the honour of defending the much-maligned Queen Caroline.

* * *

An Indian Appointment

Yet another interesting appointment is that of Sir George Sydenham Clarke to the Governorship of Bombay. Sir George is married to a daughter of the late General Fellowes, and he has only one child, a daughter. Life at Government House will not be altogether a novelty to Lady Clarke, for from 1901 to 1904, when Sir George came home to be Secretary to the Committee of Imperial Defence, Lady Clarke reigned a popular "Governess" in Victoria. Sir George Clarke, who is a son of the venerable erstwhile Vicar of Swinderby, is at one and the same time a soldier, an organiser, and a scientist. He is great on Army Reform, and it was his new Excellency who designed the special brake and spade which were fitted to all our field-guns in the South African War. He served in the Egyptian and Soudan expeditions of 1882 and 1885, and was

Photo *Russell*

Col. C. A. A. Frederick

Master of his Majesty's Household, in place of Lord Farquhar, who has resigned

for several years Superintendent of the Royal Gun Carriage Factory at Woolwich.

With the Devon and Somerset

Heroism in Kashmir

By the way, talking of India, I have heard several accounts of the pluck of Mrs. Laverton, wife of Captain Laverton, of the Hussars, in trying to rescue a little native child which had fallen into the river. There was a strong current running, the stream being full of snow-water from the Himalayas, and in effecting a rescue Mrs. Laverton, it appears, hurt herself rather severely. As secretary to the Pindi Division of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association, and as an accomplished 'cellist, Mrs. Laverton is well known in the Punjab. It will be remembered that it was from Mrs. Laverton's house that the late Lady Mary Tagart started last year on her tragic journey.

* * *

The New Lord Clanwilliam

The succession of Lord Dromore to the Clanwilliam title by the death of Lord Clanwilliam, Admiral of the Fleet, brings to mind the connection of the family with Admiral Tryon, of tragic memory. Lord Gillford, through whose death from phthisis two years ago his younger brother, Lord Dromore, now succeeds, was Flag-Lieutenant to Admiral Sir George Tryon when H.M.S. *Victoria* and H.M.S. *Camperdown* collided off the coast of Tripoli in June, 1893. To Lord Gillford, as Flag-Lieutenant, was given the fatal order which sunk the ship. Both he and the Flag-Captain, the Hon. Maurice Bourke, saw the danger of the manœuvre, and Lord Gillford, suspecting a mistake, even went so far as to get the Admiral to endorse his order. It was done, the vessels collided in turning the circle, and the *Victoria* sank within ten minutes. Nearly four hundred officers and men were drowned. Lord Gillford was washed off the deck, and picked up by a rescuing boat, but not before he had heard his Admiral say, as he went down with his ship, "It is entirely my fault."

Mr. E. A. V. Stanley

The new Master of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds. The photo shows him in his new rôle at the first meet of the D. and S. for the season, a bye on Saturday, July 27, 1907. There was no scent and no venison, although Mr. Stanley handled the pack in a masterly manner. The opening day was at Cloutsham on August 7

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With the Devon and Somerset

Last week, in the heart of Exmoor, the hunting of the wild red deer by the Devon and Somerset pack commenced in earnest. Already a few by-meets have been held, and the conduct of hounds and plenitude of deer foretell a season as good, if not better, than any in the past. A change of Mastership has taken place. Mr. Sanders has had to retire owing to stress of political work, and Mr. E. A. V. Stanley, a former Master of the Quantock Staghounds, now disbanded, has taken his place.

* * *

Commerce, Cricket—and Modesty

To be captain of Harrow, maker of twice a hundred runs at Lord's, a future player for Lancashire,

Photos *Masland*

The First Meet of the Devon and Somerset: Mr. E. A. V. Stanley laying on the pack at Haddon, on the 27th ult.

A Bat of the Season

and withal modest as the proverbial violet, seems a little more than human. Had I but one of these mighty honours I should be like to burst with pride, "the never-failing vice of fools." But Mr. Morice Carlos Bird, upon whose prowess I hung breathless some weeks ago at Lord's, carries his successes with a charming modesty, and seems utterly unspoiled thereby. He is the son of Mr. George Bird, himself once a county cricketer of repute (he played for Middlesex), and still a very pretty and perfect bat. Mr. Bird is a wine merchant, and his son, instead of going on to the 'Varsity, will enter his father's office.

* * *

Nursed on Cricket

Since infancy young Bird has been nursed on cricket. His uncle, the well-known Charles Carlos Clarke, of the Stock Exchange ("Charlie Clarke"), counts not the least of his claims to fame the fact that he was one of the earliest members of the Esher Cricket Club, which was founded by Esher residents nearly half a century ago, and of which Judge Greenhow, now of Leeds, and for thirty years Recorder of Berwick-on-Tweed, was the first secretary. The Authors *v.* Esher is a yearly and most exciting event. Mr. Hornung's "Raffles" eleven brings down many famous literary men, among them always the soon to be re-married Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and sometimes Mr. J. M. Barrie. Morice Bird is a fine and dashing bat. He has, however, caution *when it is needed*, and the self-control to "play steady" till he has collared the bowling is another of the ex-captain's enviable qualities.

Photo *Dixon*

Mr. M. C. Bird: One of the bats of the season

Ex-Captain of Harrow, who made 100 not out one day and 131 on the next — a record in the Eton *v.* Harrow match

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A Correction

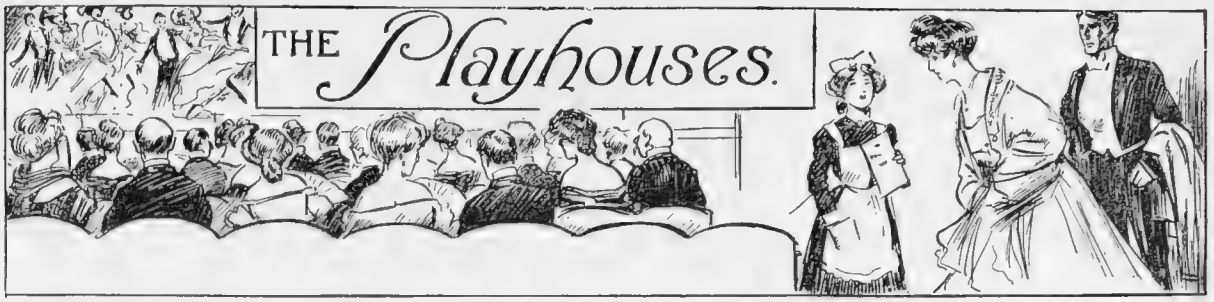
In a recent issue it was stated that Mr. "Nikko" Wood was the son of Sir Lindsay Wood, and connected with the Gaiety Hotel. I am now informed that the statement is incorrect in both details. I much regret that faulty information on the part of my correspondent should have led to the publication of an inaccurate statement.

* * *

In last week's BYSTANDER a drawing was published by Tom Browne, called "Day Dreams." Although the drawing was not used as a direct appeal for the Fresh Air Fund, one of my readers, Mrs. Annie Cay, of Woodside, Kenilworth, has very generously sent a cheque for the sum of £5 5*s.* for that Fund. This contribution will provide an outing in the country for many of our poor little street-arabs, whose grey lives have but little pleasure, and who look forward anxiously to a day in the country with the F.A.F.

Photo] **The Bishop of London preaching to the London Rifle Brigade on Salisbury Plain** [*Gibbs*

Volunteers, in easy attitudes, listen attentively to an *al fresco* sermon. The Bishop has the happy knack of always suiting his words to the occasion, and his remarks are much appreciated by his hearers



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

S-A-A-AY, MR. JONES!

The word "Trustitis" has been coined, I believe, to express the state of panic which comes over many English playgoers at mention of the American Theatre Trust. Will someone kindly put a name to the antithesis of this disease—to the state in which one regards the Trusts with feelings bordering on adoration? Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has taken the new disease badly. I had almost said he has brought it to England. He is the first English patient of note to develop the symptoms. Mr. Jones has quite recently said some hard things about the English theatre (the word "tomfoolery" echoes in my ears). Another trip across the Atlantic has provided him with fresh barbs with which to tear our quivering flesh. Really, Mr. Jones, you are almost cruel. You hardly give your prey time to recover before proceeding to bait him afresh. An attack upon ourselves we could stand if for every fault you decry in us you did not find some virtue to belaud in our cousins. My own relations with America have always been on the warm side of friendliness. But, after reading your latest "Americana," Mr. Jones, a feeling of resentment and irritation arises in me. You could have called us sinners without using our sins as a dark background against which to show up the virtues of the Americans. You tell us that, at the present rate of progress, the Americans in a few years time will have better plays than the English. This is mere twaddling guess-work. Dramatists are not ground out by the wheel of progress. They are just as likely to arise in lean years as in fat: in a country where the drama is progressing as in a country where it is retrogressing. So far as probability goes there is nothing to prevent a dramatic genius suddenly appearing to astonish the world from Patagonia.

Photo *Bassano*

Miss Crissy Bell

The youthful musical comedy actress who is making her appearance upon the vaudeville stage at the Richmond Theatre

CRITERION THEATRE

"A Night Out"

Ten years or twelve years or thereabouts (when did we last see *A Night Out*?) is a long time to remember the incidents of a farce. Yet the very announcement that *A Night Out* was to be revived set memory at work to reconstruct the many amusing adventures which befel the Pinglets and the Paillards (I had forgotten their names, bless them!) at the Hotel Mascotte. Sometimes this keenness to see a revival results in sore disappointment and disillusionment. In ten years one seems often to have developed a new outlook upon affairs. Fortunately, a decade had wrought no change in me so far as *A Night Out* is concerned. I laughed uproariously, like the rest of the audience, at the ingenious absurdities concocted by the French authors. Criticism, as Mr. Walkley has pointed out, is essentially personal. Criticism upon farce might be called entirely personal. If I laugh at *A Night Out* it necessarily follows that the fare is (for me) a good one. Substitute, in place of myself, those still more keen judges, Brown, Jones, and Robinson. If they laugh at *A Night Out*, it would be almost impertinent to declare the fare to be other than a good one. The Browns, Joneses, Robinsons, and myself laughed uproariously at the Criterion Theatre. When the thunderstorm opportunely bereft Mathieu (Mr. Frederick Volpé) of the power of speech, great gales of laughter shook us. Had we been in a position to do so, I believe not Brown, nor Jones, nor Robinson, nor myself would have had the strength to slap, even weakly, the back of his comrade. If you would be reduced similarly to crying gently with excess of hilarity, go and see *A Night Out*. It is good for the blues—that affliction so prevalent in these days of overwork and over-anxiety. Mr. Giddens appeared younger-looking than ever. He has the magic art possessed by all comedians born of turning his face into a mirror upon which are reflected the divers thoughts which occupy him. Watch his pantomime, too, ye legion of young actors who hope one day to rest confidently upon the uppermost boughs of the tree of success. Even budding tragedians can learn much from the gestures and posturings of a comedian who has long since "arrived." And is there a tragedian who is not comedian too? Why assuredly not. If you have doubts upon the matter cast back your thoughts to

the exquisite touches of comedy with which Sir Henry Irving embellished his most tragic rôles. The company worked with a will and rattled through the farce at the proper *tempo—i.e.* as fast as they possibly could in keeping with making themselves understood. In this honourable mention, exception must, alas! be made of the waiters at the Hotel Mascotte. You might travel from Paris round all the Provinces of France and back without stumbling on *garçons* so deliberate in manner and expression as these gentlemen. Perhaps, when the piece has been played a week or two, these actors will have "gotten a gait on," as our American cousins would phrase it. I shall look into the Criterion to see. Good excuse for another evening's hilarity.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE

"The 18th Century"

Mr. Compton, for his season at the St. James's Theatre, has gathered round him a very distinguished cast. Misses Grace Lane, Suzanne Sheldon, Messrs. Eric Lewis, Charles Groves, C. M. Robson, and Henry Ainley are among the devoted little band who have forgone the joys of a vacation in order to support the actor-manager. The company will shortly be seen in a revival of *The School for Scandal.* This is good hearing for two reasons. The so-called fantastic play, *The 18th Century*, is sorry stuff; whereas many will look forward to renewing acquaintance with these immortal creations of Sheridan who gossiped, and flirted, and lived the gay life of the real eighteenth century. The word "masterpiece" is lightly used these days. When some penny-plain writer produces a twopenny-coloured work, we are apt to hold up our hands in astonishment at his genius and hail the new work as a masterpiece, whereas what we intend to say is that it is his best—a distinction with a world of difference. Time alone should confer the dignity "masterpiece." What we prate of loudly to-day may be entirely forgotten to-morrow. Sheridan's play has stood the severest test. Charles and Joseph Surface, Moses, Sir Peter and Lady Teazle—no one of these characters has aged by a single day. Unlike many old comedies, *The School for Scandal* is a delight quite apart from the picture it gives us of a bygone and picturesque generation. Indeed, you might dress the play by Paquin and Worth, and the result, barring the expressions, would not be so very out of place. In other words, the Surfaces and the Teazles are with us to-day. Sheridan drew from the living model, and he drew so well that one cannot conceive a period when his picture will be faded and out of date.

But to *The 18th Century.* The fantasy of the play is devised from a notion similar to that upon which a clever lady has fashioned that successful farce *When Knights Were Bold.* A man, or to be strictly accurate, a man and his valet, drink a potion which transports them to a previous century. This is fantasy indeed. The notion borders upon absurdity when our adventurers, as we may call them, stumble against the ancestors of the very people who formed their circle of friends before they drank this marvel-working potion. There seem to be two methods of adopting the conceit to the usages of the stage. It may form the central motive of frank farce as in *When Knights Were Bold;* or it may be written up by a gentleman who has something of the wit, the inventiveness, the fancy, the gracefulness of imagery, the knowledge of human nature, possessed by Mr. William Shakespeare of pleasant memory.

To say that the authors of *The 18th Century* have treated their subject baldly is to let them down very lightly. The first and the last and the only vital thing to be said about this play is that it is a pity the authors were at the pains to write it. Now that the mischief is done, one can but record the fact that they have failed to strike the note of fantasy, and have only succeeded at times in striking—whether intentionally or not it is difficult to say—the note of farce. If you fail to be fantastical you come down with a bump. A distinguished cast failed to avert the *débâcle* of the authors. Mr. Compton and Mr. Eric Lewis were both commendably light in their touch. Upon poor material they brought to bear all their talents. Alas! in vain.

The ladies of the cast fared little better. Miss Suzanne Sheldon played a jealous termagant with spirit, and Miss Grace Lane acted the two heroines, modern and eighteenth century, with no little charm. But none of the players succeeded in laying the ghost of unreality conjured up by the authors. E. C. S.

* * *

A unique programme has been arranged by Mrs. D'Oyly Carte for August 24, the last day of her season at the Savoy. The performance will begin at four in the afternoon and continue till eleven in the evening, with an hour and a quarter's break for dinner at 6.45. At four will be given the first act of *The Yeoman of the Guard* and the second of *The Gondoliers.* Then follows the dinner interval, after which the second act of *Patience* and the first of *Iolanthe* will be performed.

Photo] **Miss Fay Davis** *[Ellis and Walery*

The charming American actress, who is acting Rosalind to the Orlando of her husband, Mr. Gerald Lawrence, in the big revival of *As You Like It* in Manchester, which opens this week. Miss Davis, who has not played in London for some years, will be remembered for her performance of the title-rôle in Mr. Pinero's *Iris* to the Maldonado of Mr. Oscar Asche

CONTINENTAL CHAT

WEARY OF PEACE!

The Haguers and the Conference

Poor little Hague! When you talk to the Haguers about the precious Peace Conference, you are reminded of Sancho Panza when he was suddenly made a Governor. Rubbing his eyes to make sure that he was not dreaming, he wondered exactly why it was he was thus thrust into such honour. And he did not feel comfortable. Neither does the Hague.

Mr. Carnegie's Palace has sadly added to this sentiment of unrest; for, after all, every village does not wish to be turned into a world capital, and the Hague has no particular longing to change its character and become a pandemonium. So there is no great enthusiasm among the Haguers for either the Conference or the Palace of Peace.

The Palace of Peace has had to be thrust out of sight. The Haguers wouldn't have it in their town at any price. Before its present position was chosen, it was to have been plumped down on a marshy plot of ground on the outskirts of the wood, and it was only out of regard for outside public opinion that another place was found, equally distant from the centre and in a rather better suburb. Mr. Carnegie's generosity has been somewhat ironically criticised. Although the philanthropist hoped to have taken possession of one of the finest sites within the town — and there are several — the Haguers preferred to jog along their own little trot in their own little way, undisturbed by the symbol of Peace.

Photo] **Sir Thomas Barclay** [*Russell*

The renowned authority on International Law, who, though not one of the British delegates at the Hague, has, nevertheless, been consulted constantly by the Conference through the medium of his text-books on leading problems

The Hague Itself "Weary of Peace"

As for the Conference, the hotel-keepers would naturally like it to go on for ever. The Haguers, however, are weary of the very name of Peace, and, like Sancho Panza, are longing to get rid of their greatness and put on their dressing-gown and slippers again. The Conference does not seem to have better luck with others than Haguers. All the crowd of Pacifists, and journalists, and reformers generally who have come to stay in the sleepy little capital, sneer at its incompetency, its futility, and the bad attacks of indigestion from which the delegates and their families are so often suffering.

The Strongest Delegate of Them All

In 1899 the central figure at the Hague Conference was Lord Pauncefote. Practically managing the whole affair, he carried through with characteristic British vigour the creation of the Hague Court. He was the strongest man of them all. He knew exactly what he wanted, and got it. The nearest approach to him at this Conference is the German chief delegate, Baron Marschall von Bieberstein. The other delegates seem to have the impression that if he were not held back he would really be capable of doing something big. As yet, the only big thing about the Conference is the number of its delegates, and therein, too, lies its weakness. How can one expect anything from any assembly in which thirty or forty little pop-gun States have the same right to talk about assuring the peace of the world as the bare dozen who have the power to disturb it? To think of it is really farcical! Imagine Servia, and Switzerland, and Montenegro, Salvador, Siam, and so on, being called together to talk to Great Britain, France, Germany, and Russia. How ridiculous it is to see our own delegates coming seriously forward and explaining to Montenegro and these other small fry what we are prepared to do in order to clip our wings for their satisfaction, and asking these tiny States to do the same. Baron Marschall, bold as he appears to be, has, however, to refer to the Chancellor, Von Bülow, on every point. Admirably as he expresses himself, and in spite of his apparent freedom of action, he is, after all, only the *parfait diplomat* going to the length he is told and not an inch farther.

France's Able Representative

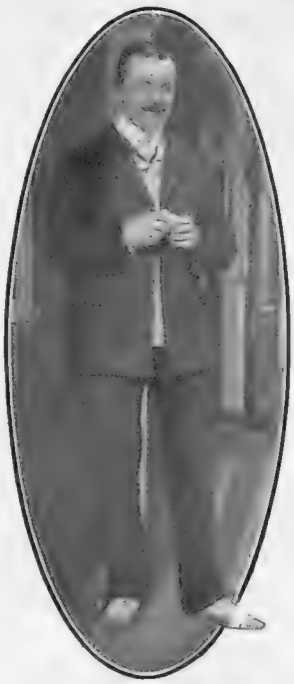
The man who seems to be a real plenipotentiary in the fullest sense of the word is M. Bourgeois. The Prime Minister, M. Clemenceau, who is at present at Carlsbad, told him that the fixing of everything in connection with the French attitude on all questions was in his hands. Perhaps I should explain this in another way. M. Bourgeois is the living Frenchman most trusted by his countrymen.

Twice he might have been President of the Republic had he wished—*i.e.* if the health of his late wife had permitted him to wish. He will be M. Fallières's successor when the latter's term of office expires; and whatever he does at the Hague will be ratified by his countrymen. In his person, he is a quiet, middle-aged, unobtrusive gentleman, who does not often speak, but when he does it is to be listened to. If Baron Marschall is the most imposing figure at the Conference, and seems the most capable, M. Bourgeois is, nationally, the most important man. Oddly enough, Baron Marschall and M. Bourgeois are constantly to be seen together—in short, they have gravitated as two clever men can hardly help doing. Among the other delegates, Mr. Choate stands out as the very *galant-uomo*, skilful in debate, a charming host, a good after-dinner speaker, and as general a favourite as he was in London. Sir Edward Fry, in spite of his Britannic French, is also very popular. He learnt this language on purpose to go to the Conference, and a plucky achievement it was, considering his years. Of the representatives of the other great Powers, although M. Nelidoff presides, the real busy-bee, fussing about everywhere, trying to do everything, is Professor de Maartens, who, with Lord Reay, shares the honour of being the best linguist of the Conference.

The Italian Chaplain, Mgr. de Giovannini

The only person at the Conference honoured by the special conversation of Queen Wilhelmina. He is a first-rate diplomat and *causeur*

THE REVEREND ASPECT OF THE HAGUE CONFERENCE



Glued to the Golf Links!

The Rev. Mr. Radford, British Chaplain to the Hague Conference, a well-known personality and a keen golfer

Lesser Luminaries

The men who more particularly are doing the work are secondary luminaries, such as Professor Lammarsh (Austria), Professor Asser (Holland), M. Hagerup (Norway), Mr. J. B. Scott (America), and last, but by no means least, Dr. Drago. Dr. Drago, of whom so much has been heard, and who has the glory of having given his name to a South American doctrine, is a comparatively young man—I should say, from his appearance, barely over forty. He is tall, dark, and handsome, and his manner and smile fascinate everyone. An eloquent speaker and a fine linguist, he has written several books, and is, personally, more popular than his doctrine, which is "that armed force shall never be employed by States for the enforcement of commercial or financial obligations."

Among the *charmeurs* of the Conference is the Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, the well-known Pacifist, who was so popular in London during the time he was First Secretary at the French Embassy. His distinguished manners and conversational *finesse* make him much in demand wherever he goes. Was it not owing to his persuasive faculties that Roosevelt decided to give the Hague Court its first case?

As regards the subjects that have been discussed, the two that were new were the British proposal to abolish contraband altogether, and the British and German proposal to establish an International Prize Court. The first of these has been the subject of much fun and not a little derision. It seems to amount to this: Great Britain has the largest fleet in the world, and she can carry out blockades in different parts remote from each other. On the other hand, she has far and away the largest mercantile fleet. She is, therefore, better able to run blockades than any other nation. Her proposal is that all nations should agree only to stop the carriage of contraband when an attempt is made to run it through a blockade.

In other words, England is best able to stop contraband from reaching her enemy, and, at the same time, to elude the blockades of others when she is a neutral: *ergo*, she is willing to abolish contraband. The ingenious spirit who conceived this brilliant idea evidently had a very poor opinion of the intelligence of other Governments. With reference to the International Prize Court, some of the delegates seem to think England's concession an extraordinary piece of self-denial! Several times, however, I heard the Latin phrase quoted, "*Timeo Danaos dona ferentes.*" All the other questions affect matters of detail chiefly borrowed from Sir Thomas Barclay's book, which, by the way, serves as the text-book at the Conference. Many of the delegates asked me the reason for his non-appointment to represent Britain, and considering they have already been obliged to consult him on various points the question may well be repeated.

After I had had a good look round affairs at the Hague, it struck me that the social side of the Conference was the more important. The delegates would doubtless have done a great deal more work had their wives not been so charming. Every gentleman seems to have brought his womenkind, and many of the ladies have their little "courts," which are far more attractive than the Conference. *Ententes*, joint and several, appear to be going forward with greater rapidity outside the Binnenhof than within it. A characteristic incident happened at the Queen's dinner to the delegates. So fearsome was she

of showing her preference for any Power, that the only person with whom she carried on a long conversation was Mgr. Giovannini, the Papal Chargé d'Affaires at the Hague. I have my own theory about this. Like so many other Italians, Mgr. Giovannini is not only a first-rate diplomatist, but a first-rate *bon causeur*. Doubtless he was a change from Prince Henry.

Mr. W. T. Stead, and Others

I cannot conclude my impressions without referring to one of the most interesting figures among this wonderful Babel of the nations, and that is W. T. Stead. I met him at the House of Commons after my return. He had crossed the one night, "just to let off a little of his ire," he said, "and to go back the next." This impetuous, genial, generous-hearted "man of wrath," in spite of his constant indiscretions (for he publishes everything, whatever Monsieur de Nelidoff may have to say to the contrary), is, perhaps, the best known of all the visitors. Everybody reads his *Courrier*, and, although he does not know a word of French, he manages to be the best-informed man about the Conference. How he gets his facts no one knows, and that is, perhaps, the only thing he keeps to himself. Another person outside the official visitors is the Baronin von Suttner, who is almost as active as Mr. Stead. She was awarded the Nobel prize in 1905 for her thirty years' work in the cause of peace. Nobody grudges it to her, for who could have worked harder than she has done for her life's work?

It is not for me to criticise the way things have been done. Who could imagine anything very serious resulting from such a motley assembly? Anyhow, let us hope that the faults of this Conference will serve as a warning for the next.

The Moorish Trouble

With regard to the state of affairs in Morocco, the bombardment of Casa Blanca, the bayonet charges, and other rather sanguinary processes, my chief feeling, as a dweller on the Continent, is one of relief that, this time, England is not the responsible party. To visit on the natives of the town such condign punishment for the massacre of Europeans on the 30th ult. is doubtless right and just, but the thing seems to have been done with a thoroughness that is a little repellent. When a bombardment does damage, it is as often as not the wholly innocent that suffer, while the guilty parties, whoever they may be, sit smiling in safety. With every sympathy for our French allies, and every hope that they will bring the Moorish affair to a peaceable conclusion, accompanied by the ample feathering of the Gallic nest, I am glad—very glad—that for one indiscriminate slaughter of Africans, at any rate, Britain is not responsible.

THE CRIME WAVE IN NEW YORK: THE ATTITUDE OF THE POLICE

Tom Browne's view of the present situation in New York by which incessant outrage, combined with entire police apathy, make life somewhat varied and exciting for citizens

(*SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE BYSTANDER"*)

THE NORWAY STARE

The Optical Inquisition to which Visitors are Subjected by the Hardy Norsemen

BY A TRAVELLER

The Ubiquity of the Thing

I have seen English eminents, who have passed most of their lives addressing crowds, wince, chafe, and finally rage under the Norway Stare. For in its quiet, fixed, and cow-like intensity there is nothing to equal it among other stares of the universe. It is born of a hereditary and undying inquisitiveness which makes itself apparent to the unsuspecting stranger as soon as ever he sets foot on land. It appears first with the advent of the smiling waitress in your hotel bedroom with the public book of that hostelry, in which, under various columns, you are requested to state your name, land of birth, profession, last sleeping-place, and final destination—presumably for the information of the police and the benefit of travelling commercials, who, if the visitor is of importance, will convey his business, in advance, through all the accessible routes in the country.

At the *table d'hôte* the presence of the stare first manifests itself in all its horrors. Jaws drop, and ears and eyes are strained across the table to gather what the English couple are talking about; and, as most of the "educated" classes understand or speak English, the result, as regards projected business proposals, may be left to the imagination.

Sufferings of the Stranger

If the stranger shows evidence of intending to remain in the country, he is called upon by the Residential Authority, or *Lensmand*, with a formidable document to be filled in with the minutest details as to his personal appearance, intentions, and prospects, of which the most important is that he is not likely, now or in the future, to become a burden on the poor rates. Should he decline to comply with these inquisitions, he is politely escorted from the country—at his own cost.

Let him stop for a second to discuss matters of the most private and confidential nature and he is immediately joined by a lounging, staring crowd, who not only unblushingly listen, but will openly join in the discussion. To protest would be useless. It is the nature of the people, inborn, ineradicable. He may be of a reserved, reticent nature, with an Englishman's prejudice in favour of secrecy in business matters, but as all correspondence is received in envelopes whereon the name and business of the writer is printed—the amounts of remittances are stated on open cards sent in advance—it will need no Sherlock Holmes to state a case to a people so specially blessed with the inductive instinct. Indeed, a Sherlock Holmes would find no occupation in Norway, as it is a country wherein no self-respecting murderer would for a moment undertake to carry on business.

The Stare in the Street

But to return to the "Norway Stare," which is part and parcel of all the foregoing. It is, broadly speaking, universal outside the privacy of your room—and sometimes inside it. The little Norse boy of the town (a faint replica of the London "kid," without the latter's "gameness" against all odds, and his inherent chivalry) has a quick eye for anything foreign, and therefore abnormal, and in a second he has spotted you in all your assumed indifference as you stroll along the streets. He flocks in whooping crowds to arrest your path with a volley of stolid stares and comments that will make the bashful foreigner wriggle! It will be of no use to seek to avoid notice by looking into the shop windows. He will crowd in between you and them, ever staring you in the face, and calling to others to come and enjoy the fun.

"Grown-ups" will stare you unmercifully in the face as you approach; they will wheel in a flank attack as you pass, and stop to give you a parting broadside as you disappear from view. Go into a shop to make a purchase, and the customer who has been served, instead of leaving, as in most civilised communities, will draw nigh to hear your business. Go into a farmhouse in the country to speak to the owner, and the neighbours will come crowding into the room to sit, *and* spit, and hear what you have got to say. Do you want to know where your friend—or enemy—has gone to? Consult the hotel commissionaire, or baggage-smasher; he will tell you, as he will tell anybody else. You can then track him up and down the country by the hotel-books; and if you care to know how his business or private undertakings are prospering, you can get the information from any lounger outside the local store.

The Stare of the Women

But don't ask the women! Indeed, you will probably not get the chance. For they disappear like rabbits at your approach, and leave the stare and the inquisition to the men and boys. If you *do* happen to corner her, you will get no information from *her* of an extraneous nature. She is true as steel.

In Norway, strange to say, it is only man who gossips; and if you do chance to catch the woman in the act, depend upon it she is merely a charming little accessory after the fact.

Where Shall We Make Holiday? IN NORWAY?

Photo *Dr. Wingate-Saul*

One of the Many Beautiful Waterfalls near Odde, Norway

Situated at the head of the Sor Fjord, Odde may be easily and pleasantly reached from Sundal, on the famous Hardanger Fjord, *vid* the Folgefond ice-field. The town, which is an excellent centre for excursions—the wonderful waterfalls of Skjaeggadalsfos and Vöringfos are within easy distance—possesses excellent accommodation, and during the summer months is always well filled with visitors

One Use for Him

A WOMAN'S WAY

HE: "But surely, Peggy—you don't—you can't mean to jilt me—to throw me over altogether?"
SHE: "Oh, no! I still prefer quarrelling with you to quarrelling with anybody else"

BY A. K. MACDONALD

The Ninth of August

A QUIET LUNCHEON AFTER A HARD MORNING'S SHOOT

A Snapshot of a Grouse Shooting Party at Lord Savile's

The shooting is at Walsham Moor, Hebden Bridge, and the figures show, among others, Lord Savile (in the green Alpine hat), the Hon. Mrs. Fellowes, and Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Rimington Wilson

GROUSE SHOOTIN

Over the Duke of Devonshi

H.R.H. The Prince of Wales
H.R.H.—almost unsurpassed as a shot—is now at Bolton Abbey

The Hon H. Stonor

Off for the Day: The start of a shooting party at Bolton Abbey (the Prince f the moors, ponies are ridde

It has been well said that while grouse-driving may not be the highest ideal of sport in every man's estimation, it is undoubtedly one of the most interesting and exhilarating forms of shooting yet devised, calling for much skill and coolness from sportsmen behind the butts. At few places during the season is finer sport obtained than on the grand range of moors stretching around Bolton Abbey, in Yorkshire. Here the shooting party in August invariably includes some of the best shots in the country, a frequent visitor being the Prince of Wales, whose prowess with the gun is well known. Last year sport during the opening week of the season on the Bolton Abbey moors resulted in 2,849 grouse being

NG IN YORKSHIRE

re's Moors at Bolton Abbey

Sir Charles Cust

The Hon. Coulson Fellowes

f Wales leading). The motor-cars having brought the guests from the house to den to the scene of the shoot

accounted for, and by the first week of September no fewer than 7,000 birds had been killed. Even then there were plenty left to provide further sport, without risk of injury to stock. It is stated that the prospects at Bolton Abbey are not particularly promising this year, but no doubt the bags will be as big as ever, for the area of the Duke of Devonshire's shooting is practically without limit. Unfortunately, the Duke is unable, personally, to entertain the Prince of Wales and other visitors now staying at Bolton Abbey owing to ill-health

THE CALL OF THE MOORS

"THE TWELFTH"—AND THE SEASON'S GROUSE PROSPECTS

Grouse Prospects

Excellent in Scotland, especially in Inverness and the neighbouring counties, fairly good in North Wales, and not bad in Yorkshire. Briefly put, that is how the prospects stand for the season which opened on the Twelfth. A great many doleful reports came to hand about a month ago, but then that is the usual thing. These glum reports need hardly ever be taken literally, for keepers are naturally a cautious, almost pessimistic, race, and rarely will you find them ready to predict a really good season, even when conditions have been highly favourable. Their wish is, of course, that shooting people should always do a little better than they expect to do, and so the sage folk of the moors are careful not to allow hopes to run too high at starting. The great trouble this year was the inclement weather of May and June. Even July was not free from disastrous thunderstorms, and it is tolerably certain that thousands of young birds have perished through the cold and wet. Had the climatic conditions been normal during the spring and early summer, I think the moors would have been stocked in something like record numbers, for a remarkably good lot of birds were left over from last season, and the early hatchings were excellent. But then came the long spell of dreary weather, interfering so materially with the development of the broods that a later start than usual will no doubt be made on many moors.

Good Sport Expected in the Highlands

Prospects are brightest, as indicated above, in the Highlands, where the coveys are of good size, and, having survived the exigencies of the weather, likely to be strong on the wing. Disease is ominously spoken on in Perth, but in the Shires of Inverness, Forfar, Aberdeen, Banff, Sutherland, and Moray the outlook is very hopeful. The Mackintosh and the party shooting with him from Moy Hall are sure to have good sport, and the birds are likewise strong, healthy, and numerous on the extensive moors covered by Lord Cawdor and Mr. A. Vickers. From Ayrshire and the Lowland districts reports are not quite so favourable, but in the majority of cases a fair average season is expected. Curiously enough, the nearer to the South one gets the worse are the prospects. In the Yorkshire dales the outlook is none too promising on the Marquis of Ripon's Dallowgill moors and the Grantley moors, where the young broods have fared very badly. On the famous Wemmergill and the Duke of Devonshire's moors the grouse have suffered in a similar way, while rather an unfavourable opinion as to the prospects is expressed by Mr. R. H. Rimington Wilson, the owner of the renowned Broomhead moors; but, all the same, there is likely to be some remarkable shooting here during the month. The record for Broomhead stands at 2,743 grouse, bagged by nine guns on August 24, 1905. On the following day eight guns accounted for 1,252 rabbits, and 891 grouse were obtained by six guns on the third day's shooting.

Some People Who Have Taken Moors

The call of the moors is irresistible to shooting folk, and the rush to the North promises to be enormous during the ensuing fortnight. A number of American sportsmen are among those who have rented moors in Scotland and Yorkshire. Mr. Harry Payne Whitney, for example, is expected again from New York for the shooting at Holwick Fells in North Yorkshire. In the same neighbourhood Mr. Adam Dugdale has taken Lord Strathmore's Cotherstone Low Moor, and Mr. C. E. Hunter will still be at Wemmergill. Mr. J. J. Bell-Irving leases the Scargill moors, and that excellent shot, Lord Westbury, the Egglestone moors. The Prince of Wales, who, by the way, has few superiors as a brilliant shot, is again enjoying sport over the Duke of Devonshire's fine Bolton Abbey moors. Among Scottish grouse grounds and deer forests, it may be mentioned that Sir Matthew Arthur has taken Fullarton, the Duke of Portland's place in Ayrshire. Lord Colebrook has taken the Howcleugh shootings in Lanarkshire, Sir C. E. Schwann will be at Loch Loyal in Sutherland, and Lendrick Lodge, Lord Moray's place in Perthshire, will be occupied by Lord Esher. The motor-car has done much to open out moors which, a few years ago, were exceedingly inaccessible, and the letting of properties has been very satisfactory this season.

Photo *J. T. Newman*

The Close Season for Foxes: Reynard on his holidays

Remarkable snapshot of a fox playing with a rabbit, taken while our photographer was concealed. (In this instance, the photograph is of an *actual* occurrence; the fox and the rabbit did *not* pose at the photographer's request)

The Disaster to a French Train

Illustrations Bureau

The Fall into the Loire of the Engine of a Train at Pont de Cé

The accident resulted in a death-roll of about twenty-four, and is supposed to have been caused by the expansion and bending of the rails, through which the engine left the metals, and, with the first coach, plunged through the bridge into the river below. Fortunately, the rest of the train was not dragged in the wake of the engine, owing to the fact that the coupling between the first and second carriages broke. The bodies of those killed were recovered by divers, in the presence of the Minister of Public Works

OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORIES—No. 90 and 91

No. 90—

Saved on the Last Wicket

By
BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

THE bell had just rung for the tea interval at Lord's, and the crowd, overflowing from members' seats and carriage enclosures, had already covered every inch of the lawn except where the pitch was roped in from encroachment.

Phyllida Mayhew, with a little sigh born of the heart-sickness that hope deferred brings, stepped down from the Thorne's drag, and realised that it was like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay to search for a friend amidst this concourse.

For five hours she had watched and waited in vain for the tall figure and the dark, bronzed face that had come recently to mean the sum-total of life to her. And now she had to face the thought that perhaps Captain Vanstone was not coming to his old school match after all.

Yet, before they quarrelled at the Thorne's ball, a week ago, he had said, "They have asked me for the Eton and Harrow. Shall you be there?" and when she answered "Yes," he replied, "Then I shall come."

It was her one chance of making it up with him, and with every hour that passed the chance was dwindling into disappointment.

"Let us make a bee-line through this rabble and have some tea," said Cecil Thorne.

"I rather wanted to look about a little," answered Phyllida.

"Anyone particular you wish to find?" inquired Cecil, with assumed carelessness.

"Oh! I don't know; I was expecting to meet several people." She paused, adding, "Isn't Captain Vanstone coming? I had an idea he was one of your party."

Cecil's self-satisfied face clouded. "I am glad he isn't," he said; "he always tries to monopolise you. Thank goodness, he is going abroad. His innings is over—it's my turn now."

Phyllida lifted defiant eyes to his, though she knew that the colour had ebbed treacherously from her cheeks.

"I don't understand you, Mr. Thorne," she said. "I was not aware that you and Captain Vanstone were playing a game of any sort."

"Weren't you? Well, it's over now, anyway."

"You say he is going abroad. When—and where?"

"To the West Coast of Africa. He is rather hard-up, I believe; and when his father died, the other day, he relinquished his allowance to his sisters, so he was glad to get a job with higher pay. Fancy drilling a lot of niggers! I don't envy him."

"I admire anyone who works, and does it well," Phyllida said. "It seems to me much better for a man to make his own money than simply to spend what others have made for him."

"That's a hit at me," responded Cecil; "but money is very useful, no matter where it comes from. It gets one most of the things one desires in life."

"I don't agree with you," she said.

He was silent for a moment, then, as they reached the practice-ground and the crowd thinned, he said impetuously, "Look here, Phyllida, I'm tired of beating about the bush. Vanstone is off the map; we needn't worry about him any more. He hasn't a red cent to marry on. You know I want you to marry me? Will you?"

"No."

Her voice was soft, but resolute. She had just decided mentally that Cecil Thorne's society was distasteful to her, even for a July afternoon at Lord's.

"Why not?" he demanded. "You don't mean to say that Vanstone——"

She interrupted him with a gesture of command.

"I don't mean to discuss Captain Vanstone with you at all," she said, "and I think if you have been playing with him, as you say, you should play fair. This isn't cricket."

"All is fair in love and war," he retorted. "I may as well tell you now that he did come up to-day. I found him by the coach when you were at luncheon and sent me to fetch your scarf."

She gazed at him in perplexity.

"And what happened to him?"

"He went away."

(Continued on page 344)

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A Daughter of Lottie Collins

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Miss José Collins

The daughter of Miss Lottie Collins, who is appearing as Zozo in *The Merry Widow*. She understudied Miss Marie Dainton in *A Chinese Honeymoon*, and played her part during that piece's successful tour

(*Continued from page 342*)

"Without sending any—any message?"

"He asked if you were here."

"And you told him I was? No," she went on passionately, "I see what you did. You told him I had not come. You can't deny it?"

"I don't tell lies," said Cecil stiffly.

"But you implied it—you let him think so," she persisted.

Cecil laughed uneasily. "I can't help what people think," he answered. "I was very glad to see the last of him, I know."

Her anger was so great that it kept her silent.

"I was determined to have you to myself to-day," Cecil added. "You ought to be pleased with me for it. Girls generally like a man who masters them."

They had reached the covered arcade, with its double rows of members' tables, gay with flowers and fruit, and crowded with people drinking tea and eating ices and strawberries.

Phyllida stood gazing on the brilliant scene with indifferent eyes, her thoughts wandering far away.

Generally she enjoyed the school match more than any other of the season's functions; the fact that she had no brothers and sisters making it appeal to her all the more. For this, like the Fourth of June at Eton, is the triumph of the "little sisters," who, in their white frocks and blue ribbons, represent Home, the background so essential to School success.

But for Phyllida this time there was only a blank wall, against which she might beat in vain for ever, hiding from her the one vision that she longed for.

She recovered herself with a start, and said quietly, "Do you know when Captain Vanstone starts for the West Coast?"

Cecil Thorne smiled. "He has started by now practically. He said something about the five-fifty-five for Liverpool. So I'm afraid you won't see him again."

She paused to think once more—and Cecil said under his breath, "Always Vanstone between us—damn him!"

It was a new and bitter experience for this spoilt son and heir of a mushroom capitalist to find that there was anything in the world he could not buy!

"Girls like a man who masters them by strength, not by subterfuge," said Phyllida, reverting to his complacent assertion. "You have made a mistake, Mr. Thorne; but I think there is still time to put it right." She stretched out her hand to him. "Good-bye," she continued. "Please give my apologies to Lady Thorne and tell her that I was called away suddenly by something very important that wouldn't wait."

And she began to cross the lawn towards the gate.

Cecil, too taken aback at once to find speech, hurried after her, and they walked to the nearest entrance, where he hailed a hansom.

"May I take you anywhere?" he asked mechanically.

"No, thanks," she answered, as she entered the cab. "Tell him to drive to Euston and to get me there by five-forty."

As she drove along, her mind was centred on one thought—to get to Euston and make her peace with Brough Vanstone.

The idea that she might miss seeing him did not present itself until she had walked twice up and down the platform without success. Then suddenly it occurred to her that she had had her last chance that day—and lost it.

And it was at this instant that she came face to face with him.

"Phyllida!" he exclaimed, amazed not only by her presence there, but by the look in her eyes. For though they had always held a smile for him until the Thorne's ball, when the flash of anger darkened them, they had never betrayed her secret until now.

She could not hide from him the gathering tears, but she said, bravely enough, "I came to tell you that I was in the wrong that night, and I am sorry. I want you to forgive me before you go away."

"Why weren't you at the Match?" he said, a little breathlessly. "You promised me you would go, and our quarrel didn't alter that—to me."

"I was there," she answered. "I have just come from it."

"Then Thorne wasn't straight about it?"

"Don't let us talk about him," she answered; "your train goes in three minutes."

He opened a carriage-door and signed to her to enter.

For a moment, in the crowded station, they were alone and unwatched.

He took her hand. "Phil," he said, "you wouldn't let me tell you what I wanted to at the dance; and to-day Fate was against us. It's too late now."

She did not answer, but the fingers he held clasped his, and he lifted them to his lips.

"I've lost the little I had," he said, "and I have nothing to offer you now, Phil, but I couldn't bear you to think I wasn't in dead earnest all the time. Since I'm going right out of your life I may tell you that I love you without it mattering."

The bell rang out for the train's departure; Phyllida was desperate.

"It matters more than anything else in the world," she stammered. "Brough, you can't leave me—now." She was careless of the passers-by, and when the guard said, "Going on, lady?" she turned her back on him.

"You care?" he exclaimed.

She nodded.

"And you'll wait for me? I get leave in a year, and, if I can pull things straight, I'll go back to the regiment."

The train began to move.

"I can't let you go," she sobbed, and he answered, "And I can't let you. Come as far as Rugby with me, Phil. We'll make it right with your aunt. She'll forgive us when she hears how it was."

And as they passed out of Euston he took her in his arms.

"Do you care enough for me to be a poor soldier's wife?" he said. "You are a foolish child; Thorne is a much better match for you."

"I shall never speak to him again," she answered, indignantly. "I hate him. He very nearly spoilt my life."

"Well, he's clean bowled now," said Captain Vanstone, and kissed her.

BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL.

"The Bystander" "Down Under" AND IN THE EAST

(10s. 6d. *is paid for every photograph of readers in distant parts published on this page*)

Five o'Clock Tea and "The Bystander" in South Queensland

The readers of the paper are seated under a fine wattle tree in bloom in a garden at Southport, South Queensland. This tree is a species of acacia. Sent by Mr. J. M. STEVENS, "Hilderstone," Main Street, Kangaroo Point, Brisbane, Queensland

A Quiet Read and a Rickshaw Ride in Singapore

Sent by Mrs. GABRIELLE VASSAL, Nhatrang, Annam, French Indo-China

A Mixed Bag in the Andaman Islands

The sender, LIEUT. C. W. HETT, Port Blair, Andaman Islands, writes: "This photo was taken on the uninhabited island of South Sentinel, of the Andaman group, and represents our rather mixed morning's bag. This consists of two "Igwanas" (or giant lizards) measuring 7 and 8 ft. respectively, some land crabs, which live in holes in the trees, and sometimes measure 3 ft. from claw to claw, and also some Andaman pigeons. The natives are Port Blair convicts, and the officer holding the paper is Lieut. Savage, of the 90th Punjabis. This Island, though uninhabited, is within a score of miles of the Little Andaman, inhabited by a tribe of Oonjis, of whom very little is known, save that they are for the most part unfriendly"

OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORIES—No. 91

The Early Bird

By V. H. FRIEDLAENDER

HE came towards her hesitatingly, doubtful of his reception.

"Thank you so much," she said softly, and let her eyes rest for an instant on the bunch of Parma violets she wore. "They're lovely, but—but you really shouldn't."

"Shouldn't what?"

"Be—so extravagant."

She was a little pink, and he wondered why. It was not to be expected that he could guess she had been to the nearest florists and ascertained that Parma violets were for the moment half a guinea a bunch. And half a guinea was the price of a set of verses—with some editors: he had told her so. Oh, it was sinfully extravagant, and quite delightful of him. Did it not show that he appreciated the seriousness of yesterday's breach?

"Did you know," she asked rather breathlessly, "that I liked them so much?"

For the fraction of a second he hesitated. "Yes," he said.

"I'm sure I never told you." Her tone was distrustful.

He acquiesced. "I heard you tell someone else."

Her expression was not unfavourable.

"If I'm in the room," he ventured to explain, "I always hear what you're saying."

"Oh!" She smiled in some embarrassment. "That—must be very annoying for anyone who is talking to you."

"Not at all; I hear the anyone too. In certain circumstances, one is capable of doing two things at once."

"In certain——?" She glanced at him doubtfully, and decided not to pursue the subject. "I see," she said, hurriedly, and her recurring pinkness was sufficient proof that she really did. He rested on his oars.

"I wanted to tell you," she said in a low voice, "that I know now I was unjust yesterday, and I'm sorry—if—I——" her voice died into nothingness.

Pleasurable emotions held him silent for some brief seconds.

"I don't think it's very nice of you," she observed, with a sudden access of dignity, "to make me—make me eat so—so much humble pie."

"I?" He started. "Oh, I beg your pardon! Your—your generosity took me by surprise. How could it be otherwise, when I know so well that it was I who was entirely in the wrong yesterday?"

"Oh, no, no!"

Their eagerness of yesterday in upholding their own views was only exceeded by their vehemence of to-day in condemning them.

"I knew all the time," she declared finally, "that you were right, but I contradicted you in case you—that is, people sometimes get tired of everlasting agreement."

He inhaled the flattering incense joyfully.

"Did you, really?" he murmured. "I was afraid you'd never forgive me."

"And so you sent me flowers?" she reproached. "As if that could—could make any difference!"

"Didn't it?" His tone was a little eager.

"Of course not." Her extreme positiveness evinced her real uncertainty in the matter, even to him.

"I'd like to tell you something," he said, "if it won't bore you."

"Yes!"

"It's shoppy."

Her expression indicated that she still desired to hear.

"I've been offered the literary editorship of *Day by Day*!"

"I'm so glad." She leaned forward encouragingly.

"It's not exactly a first prize," he explained deprecatingly; "but it's considered a very good stepping-stone to one."

"Yes?"

"The—the salary isn't its strong point."

Her smile conveyed that the weakness of the point was negligible.

"A girl——" He made the plunge desperately, and then drew up breathless.

"Well?" she asked.

"Who'd been used to—to having most things she wanted might find it a bit of a pull at first." The statement had in it an element of interrogation.

She considered. "That kind of girl," she suggested impersonally, "would probably have a little money of her own"—she quailed before the ferocity of his glance—"for—for pins," she concluded, a trifle hurriedly.

He gave a grudging assent. "But things would have to be kept going," he said, with firmness, "on *his* income. They—they ought to sink or swim together."

"I don't see," she objected, "why you should say 'sink or swim' as though it invariably meant 'sink.'"

"Well, no," he conceded, and relaxed into a smile. "And, of course, one wouldn't sink if she—do you think there'd be any chance?"

"Of sinking?"

He looked at her reproachfully. "No! Of—of her taking the risks?"

She shook her head. "That is outside the province of a third person."

He gasped. "You surely didn't think—you knew I meant——" He found himself bending over her distractedly. "My dear! My sweet!" for he

(*Continued on page 348*)

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Should Actresses Marry Critics? ONE WHO THINKS NOT

Photo **Miss Maude Fealey** [*Bassano*

The young American actress whose reported engagement gave one to expect that she would be the first to follow the dictum of a theatrical authority that actresses should marry dramatic critics. However, Miss Fealey denied her engagement to an American dramatic critic directly after it was announced. Miss Fealey is well-known to English playgoers. She was leading lady with Sir Henry Irving during his last season in London prior to the provincial tour which culminated in his death

(*Continued from page 346*)

suddenly realised that she was trembling. "You—you do care?"

He was somehow in possession of her hands, and in answer they responded to his pressure. . . .

"But for a man," she mocked him later, "a writing man, with your experience in proposals, it was really shockingly badly done."

There was a faint suggestion of finality about her tone, and her eyes gathered information from the clock.

"You're expecting someone," he demanded jealously.

She laughed and flushed. "How did you know? Ye-es, I am."

"And I'm to go?"

"You came at three," she reminded him, "and now it's tea-time."

"May I know who's coming to tea?"

Her eyes danced as she leaned towards him. "The Rich Man's Son," she said.

He was taken aback. Then she had seen his sketch in *The Week*, and recognised the original.

"Cavan?" he murmured weakly. "What does he want?"

"How should I know?" Her guilelessness was too marked.

"You do," he reproached her. "He's going to—to do what I've just done."

She tapped her foot. "Well, and if he is——" she began defiantly. Then she collapsed. "Do you know," she whispered, "if you hadn't come first—I was so miserable after yesterday—I'd made up my mind you didn't care—I believe I might have——"

"Don't!"

They shuddered in unison over the averted tragedy. Suddenly he grew thoughtful. "And what shall you do now?" he asked.

She smiled demurely. "Desire to be congratulated, of course."

He was hard to satisfy. "I hate him to know anything about us," he complained.

"You don't want me to tell him?"

"Oh, *that!* Yes, of course. But, for instance——" His eyes rested on the violets, and she caught his meaning.

"He shan't know," she said softly, and, unpinning them, slipped them into a sandal-wood box at her side. "How queer and dear of you," she laughed, "to mind a small thing like that."

His eyes avoided hers. "I'm a brute," he murmured with conviction as he rose to go.

At the bottom of the road he glanced back. The Rich Man's Son was mounting the steps of the house he had just left, with what was, even at that distance, distinguishable as considerable eagerness. He waited till knock and ring had gained him admittance. Then he turned the corner.

"I wonder," he mused, "whether he or Challacombe sent those violets."

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

Sunset over "The Queen of Spain's Chair": A photographic study by Reginald A. Silk

The origin of the name, "The Queen of Spain's Chair," applied to the hills in the distance, arose from the fact that the Queen of Spain used daily to watch from their summit the progress of the famous Siege of Gibraltar under Admiral Sir George Rooke in 1704

An Incident at (say) Ilfracombe

The Honeymoon Season

Unfortunate predicament of young bride, who is hiding from her husband, and, on hearing footsteps, suddenly shouts out "Boo!" much to the delighted astonishment of old gentleman

BY A. WALLIS MILLS

Delphiniums as Border Plants

Among the many border plants which have done remarkably well this summer are delphiniums. The flowers have been very fine, and the spikes unusually tall and large, and where they were cut down as soon as the flowers withered, others are now taking their place. If the soil is dry, it should be saturated with water in order to assist growth, and an occasional application of liquid manure will be beneficial. With good management these charming plants may be made to flower almost continuously throughout the summer and autumn. They are most effective when planted in large groups, and when several shades of blue are combined. In consequence of their height, it is not always easy to get any other than a green background for them, such as the foliage of trees or shrubs; but if Shirley poppies or any other tall, brightly coloured plants can be arranged so as to be seen behind, the blue flowers of the delphiniums show up very much better. This is the time to go round the garden and note where improvements can be made; in autumn, when the flowers are gone, there is no other guide than memory, and it is rarely very trustworthy as to exact shades of colour. While the ordinary delphiniums are blue, there are several new varieties which are white or pink, and there is a species (nudicaula) which has red flowers. The latter are generally described in catalogues as scarlet, but they are really more of a brick-orange. Delphiniums are easily raised from seed, and, if it is sown now, many of the seedlings will flower next year.

Protective Resemblance

Protective resemblance—which must not, of course, be confounded with protective mimicry—is one of those marvellous provisions which help to keep up the balance of nature. But for the instinctive power of cryptic resemblance, countless representatives of the zoological world would fall an easy prey to their natural enemies.

Protective resemblance may be roughly divided under two heads: (1) General resemblance to surrounding objects, such as the lion, the zebra, the tiger, the leopard, or the giraffe; and (2) special resemblance to some definite object, such as a dead leaf, a twig, the bark of a tree, the thorn of a rose-bush, or, *mirabile dictu*, the excreta of small birds—to such a pitch is the art of "bilking" practised by the wary on the unsuspecting enemy.

In the majority of instances the effect of this cryptic resemblance is protective, but in the case of others, such as snakes and spiders, it is aggressive, *i.e.* it enables certain animals to stalk their prey undetected.

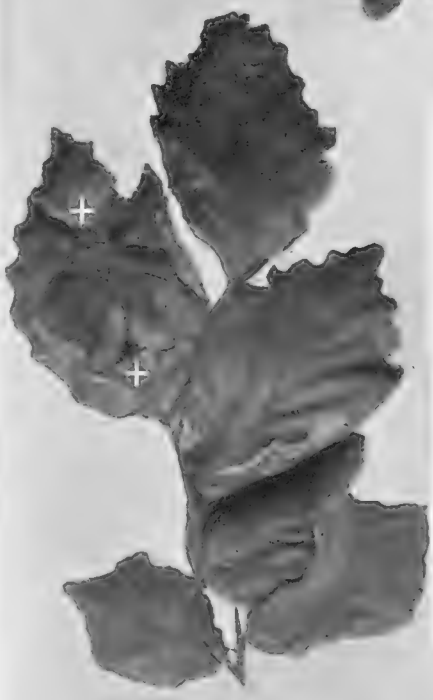
There is an immense variety of both forms of protective resemblance, and the seashore, equally with the aquarium, furnishes abundant examples, one of the most familiar, perhaps, being that of certain flat fish whose resemblance to the sandy bottom makes them invisible almost, save to the most practised eye. Of those figured on the adjoining page, the most fascinating, perhaps, is the little insect from Costa Rica, which—a perfect counterpart of the common rose thorn—betakes itself to the stem of one of these plants, where it stands amid the real article with a symmetry which is suggestive almost of military drill.

Delphiniums as Border Plants

Delphiniums are most effective when planted in large groups and when several shades of blue are combined. There are several new varieties of the plant now obtainable with white, pink, and red flowers, but these rarely exceed 2 ft. in height

"Protective Resemblance"

ONE OF THE MOST MARVELLOUS OF NATURE'S VAGARIES



1.—Indian Leaf Butterfly (Kallima Inachis)

The underside bears a striking resemblance to dead leaves

2.—Lappet Moth

A green moth, which matches exactly with the leaves it feeds on

3.—Red Underwing Moth at rest on bark

It is very hard to distinguish this moth from the bark of a tree

4.—Looper Caterpillar

These insects attach themselves to leafless twigs, which they resemble exactly

5.—Flatoides Dealbatus

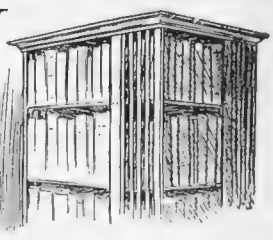
A small insect from Madagascar, quite unrecognisable from the bark moss or lichen on which it rests

6.—Umbonia Spinosa

An insect possessing a marvellous resemblance to thorns. There are two examples on the stick shown in the photograph

Protective Resemblance may be either a general colour resemblance to surrounding objects, such as one finds among animals in various climes, or, as illustrated above, a special resemblance to some definite object. So difficult is it to distinguish the insects above from their resting-places that we have marked them with a X

THE LIBRARY



Books to Order This Week

"The Botor Chaperon." By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. (Methuen: 6s.)
"By Veldt and Kopje." By W. C. Scully. (Fisher Unwin: 6s.)
"The Skirts of the Great City." By Mrs. Arthur G. Bell (Methuen: 6s)

Ailments and Architecture

A great book could, and, probably, one day will be, written upon the Influence of Ailments Upon Architecture. Next to the cities and towns called into being by Religion, there are none finer, architecturally, than those for which the prime cause was Disease. If we owe Canterbury, York, and Ely to the Word, no less do we owe, say, Bath, Cheltenham, and Tunbridge Wells to the Liver. But for the promptings of that much-abused gland and other disorderly functions of the body, England would have lacked some of its most prized urban prospects. But the beneficent influence of ailments on architecture is wider than is suggested by these instances. To the presence in one place or another, at some time or another, of mineral springs of some kind or another we are indebted for the architectural charm of more towns and suburbs than many of us realise. Some interesting information to this effect is to be found in *The Skirts of the Great City*, by Mrs. Arthur Bell (Methuen). I cannot help noticing, as I glance through these interesting little historical sketches of the outlying towns and villages of London, how many of the places which we now extol for their "quaintness" and "old-world charm" owe their possession of fine residences and noble gardens to the fact that at one time they possessed springs, and were, therefore, the resort of the *beau monde*. It was the rediscovery of its chalybeate springs in the sixteenth century that laid the foundations of Hampstead's greatness as a pleasure resort. Much the same may be said of Epsom. If that town is to-day the racing capital of the country, in the days of Charles II. it was equally renowned to the smart set of the seventeenth century as a "cure." In those days, before the railway, motor, or even the stage-coach, when a spring was discovered, the smart set did not drop in *en passant* to take the waters; they did not even stay at hotels and *pensions*. They gathered bricks and mortar, and built themselves sumptuous mansions, and became residents. In their wake came fashionable shopmen and entertainers, and in no time you had all the machinery of a Pleasure Paradise in full working order. To-day, the Pleasure has departed; but the buildings remain. We are reminded by Mrs. Bell that even High Barnet, Dulwich, Sydenham, Woodford, and other select suburbs of to-day, were once watering-places of renown. The reflection is a sad one. The Church and Disease together laid the foundations of the architectural charm of scores of our towns and villages. To-day, what takes their place? What influence is there at work to secure an architectural standard for the England of to-morrow? But, perhaps, some mournful BYSTANDER scribe of the twenty-second century will be acclaiming as the founders of the architectural charm of *his* day the motor and the railway train. Perhaps he will, on the crumbled ruins of Brooklands, be shedding tears for the departed days of the glorious sport of motor-racing, before the accursed aeroplane made that manly pastime seem silly and superfluous. Or perhaps the railway station, ivy-clad and derelict, will be in those days hailed as an ennobling influence on town architecture, caused by the thoughtful and leisurely folk of the twentieth century, who were actually content to move to and fro at the puny pace of sixty miles an hour. . . . Perhaps. . . . Censure of one's century is an inept pastime. But it is one which it is difficult to avoid if publishers will issue such books as *The Skirts of the Great City*.

Photo *Burton*

Mr. Philips Oppenheim

A new portrait of a very popular novelist, who is sure to be having a very new book published very soon

Instruction and Amusement

To combine amusement with instruction is the laudable object of Mr. and Mrs. Williamson in *The Botor Chaperon* (Methuen). The instructive part is to teach the children of Judah the use of the Bo-tor (*i.e.* the motor-boat) and to give us a glimpse of Dutch ways and waterways. The amusement department is provided by the story of how the two girls, alone in Holland, encountered two congenial young men, and how, by the aid of a hired chaperon, they managed to pass a very pleasant time together on the aforesaid "botor." The story is not altogether important, though it is by no means a bad one. When we learn that Starr, the rich young American, has hired a lady with grey hair and blue goggles to act as the chaperon, under the name of Lady MacNairne (his real Scotch aunt), we are quite sure of one thing, and half sure of another—the first, that the real Lady MacNairne will turn up in the flesh and cause an upset; the other, that the grey-haired

and goggled old lady will turn out to be young and charming. And in neither case are we wrong. There is much to be said for books of the instruction and amusement sort, provided always the amusement is not subjected to the instruction. In the opening chapters of *The Botor Chaperon* one is mildly interested to see which of the two conflicting elements will gain the upper hand. At first I was inclined to lay a mild 5 to 4 on Instruction. Later, however, Amusement makes a magnificent effort, and passes the post an easy winner. There are some excellent photographs, and a frontispiece by Mr. A. H. Buckland.

Versatility and Specialisation

The simultaneous death of those two veterans, Mr. Joseph Hatton and Mr. David Christie Murray, reminds us, in the saddest possible way, of a rapidly declining type of literary man. Messrs. Hatton and Murray both belonged to the *genus* which is journalist first, then novelist, but which remains always journalist. That is to say, it retains throughout life those faculties of versatility, readiness, observation which enable a man to fill attractively, and for an indefinite time, this or that weekly column without necessarily neglecting the more ambitious requirements of the library bookshelf. Mr. Hatton and Mr. Murray were inexhaustible story-tellers, even up to the last, though of late years Mr. Murray became more familiar as "Merlin" the philosophic in the *causeur* of the *Referee* "Handbook," made famous by the late Hume Nisbet. It is to be doubted whether there will be many veterans of the Hatton-Murray type about in the coming generation. The journalist of to day either remains throughout his career the journalist content to be ephemeral in appeal, or he turns novelist for good and leaves the Press severely alone. It is one of the results of the cult of specialisation which distinguishes every branch of modern work —science, philosophy, art, music, letters, and religion. The versatile man is cheaply sneered at, and suspected of instability. No matter how small a thing it be, let him specialise. We even expect our novelists, when once they have attracted attention by a given style, to stick religiously to that style. The historical scribe is bowed out of the modern drawing-room; the melodramatist is cautioned not to shoot his rubbish into the garden of character study. Everybody is expected to build a fence round himself and to keep carefully within it, or to run the risk of the dread epithet, "versatile."

Instruction and Amusement

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson, the arch-exponents of the novel based on instruction and amusement. The latest of these is just published, entitled *The Botor Chaperon* (Methuen), and tells of the experiences (instructive) and the adventures (amusing) of a motor-boating party on the Dutch waterways

Dignity and Impudence

It is scarcely surprising to hear that Mr. Upton Sinclair's *Industrial Republic* (published in London by Mr. Heinemann) has been prohibited in Germany by order of the Kaiser. With every wish in the world to share Mr. Heinemann's amusement (expressed to an interviewer) at the "Kaiser's love of making a fuss," I am bound to think, were the Wilhelm on the German throne surnamed Heinemann instead of Hohenzollern, even he would object to being designated "the degenerate who proclaims himself by grace of God the lord and master of the German people." Of course, the Kaiser doesn't proclaim himself anything at all; the law of the land does the proclaiming part of the business. The Kaiser has limited himself to ex-claiming. But I suppose a Socialist who gets hold of any other than the wrong end of any stick is yet to be found. This passage, by the way, is the only one to which exception has been taken by the German authorities —a fact which speaks for itself as to their estimate of the danger the book generally was likely to do in the Fatherland.

Alarums and Excursions

One Eventful Summer is the title of a novel by Miss Ethel Grace Tapner (Long: 6*s*.). It is of the kind which will satisfy that type of holiday reader who is not concerned as to either the literary style or the logical evolution of a plot provided it has plenty of episodal "hot stuff" to while away the time by beach or bedside. The incidents in the story tumble over each other, each one more surprising than the last. All of us have spent at least "one eventful summer" in our lives, but I doubt if anybody can recall one to equal in versatility that of Miss Tapner. A little more restraint in her episodes, however, and fewer characters should stand her in good stead in her next novel. "An Uneventful Winter" would be quite the most effective counterblast, if it strikes Miss Tapner to give us a book under that title. Material she should easily find. There are ladies of my acquaintance who have spent fifty or more of such, and they are demons at detail.

Veldt and Kopje

By Veldt and Kopje (Unwin: 6*s*.) carries us back to the days of early Mr. Rider Haggard. In short-story form, Mr. Wm. Charles Scully gives us some thrilling pictures of Kaffir life and legend, the most fascinating of which is probably "The Lepers"—a story in which a gruesome theme is treated with artistic and dramatic skill of a very high order.

VIVIAN CARTER.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

A New Ball

I feel some diffidence in recommending a new ball to my readers, for the advertisement columns of all golf papers are full of flamboyant assertions claiming that the particular ball advertised flies better, carries further, and approaches and putts more accurately than any other yet invented. Golfers by hard experience have learned to take these assertions with the proverbial grain of salt. This much, however, may be said. One kind of ball may suit one player better than another. The soft variety, which the hard hitter finds so difficult to get away with a wooden club, may work wonders for a slow-swinging, gentle-hitting, but accurate-timing player. So far, the ball which seems to suit all types of players the best is undoubtedly the "Colonel," more especially in its latest form, while the best of the soft kind, in my experience, is the Professional "Yellow Dot." Messrs. Spalding and Brothers have now produced a ball which they call the Spalding White with the "Black Dot." They claim that the gutta-percha used for the cover of this ball has had all impurities removed from it by a secret process known only to their firm, and that in consequence the covering is very thin, thus enabling more elastic to be used. In this way extreme resiliency is obtained, and I imagine that this ball goes lighter off the club than the Spalding White with the "Red Dot," which has a thicker cover.

A Good Test

However that may be, I have no hesitation in warmly commending the Spalding "Black Dot." The firm kindly sent me a couple of these balls to try. I used one myself and my professional played with the other, so that we thoroughly tested the balls. I have used mine for about ten rounds, and have found it really admirable in all departments. The professional's ball cracked after about five rounds, but continued to fly wonderfully well in spite of the crack. Mine is as good almost as when I first teed off with it. It has kept its shape, and the pure white gutta obviates the dirty appearance the ordinary ball assumes when the paint chips off in the course of play. I was particularly struck with the smooth behaviour of the ball on the putting green. If the ball in bulk is up to the sample I have tried, I can strongly recommend my readers to give it a trial. It is so far the only ball that has come under my notice which can compare with the "Colonel." I should advise Messrs. Spalding to change the wrapper in which they send out the ball. It is made of black-and-white paper, and the black comes off on the ball and spoils that snowy appearance which delights the heart of the golfer and which caused the young man who suddenly came into a large fortune to exclaim, "Now I can realise my dream—a new ball at every hole."

The Cry for Inland Legislation

There is one part of the recent agitation for reform with which I have no sympathy whatever, and that is the desire for an all-embracing code of rules which shall take cognisance of the peculiar hazards, such as trees, hedges, etc., which occur on inland links. When one replies to the agitator that such hazards are best left for local legislation by each particular club, the rejoinder is generally made that a railway is included in the hazard definition because it happens that at St. Andrews the railway bounds the links. But I think this is only a good reason for taking a "railway" out of the general rules and relegating it to the St. Andrews local rules. The rules are so long and cumbersome as it is that anything which may tend to shorten and simplify them should be encouraged. *Per contra*, anything which would add to their length and complexity ought to be severely discouraged. Therefore, I am all against the cry for adding the inland peculiarities to the general body of rules.

A Plea for the Local Rule

So long as a local rule does not conflict with a general rule, there can be no harm in each club having its small body of local rules, dealing with the peculiar features of the course which are outside the scope of the general body of rules. What matters it that, on one course, the local rule may differ from that of another course? It is surely not asking too much of a player, when he comes to play on a strange course, to require him to master the few local rules which may be in force there. If he is too lazy or careless to take this small amount of trouble, and finds himself penalised for an offence against a local rule, I have no sympathy for him or for his cry for all-embracing legislation by St. Andrews for the purpose of unifying and codifying local rules all over the country. I trust that, when the next revision of the rules is taken in hand, the revisers will approach their task, not with the idea of widening the scope of the rules, but with the view of cutting them down and simplifying them as much as possible. Much of this necessary cutting down and simplification can be done by relegating a good many rules to the local department. Let us have one clear and simple general code, and leave all complexities and peculiarities to be dealt with by each club in its local rules.

Ernest Lehmann

Canterbury Week Scenes

The Luncheon Interval: Visitors Thronging the Tents

The Canterbury Festival is always a popular one, and during the three days occupied by the match with Sussex there were over 20,000 spectators

The Kent v. Lancs. Match: Sharp (Lancs.) Batting to Fielder's Bowling

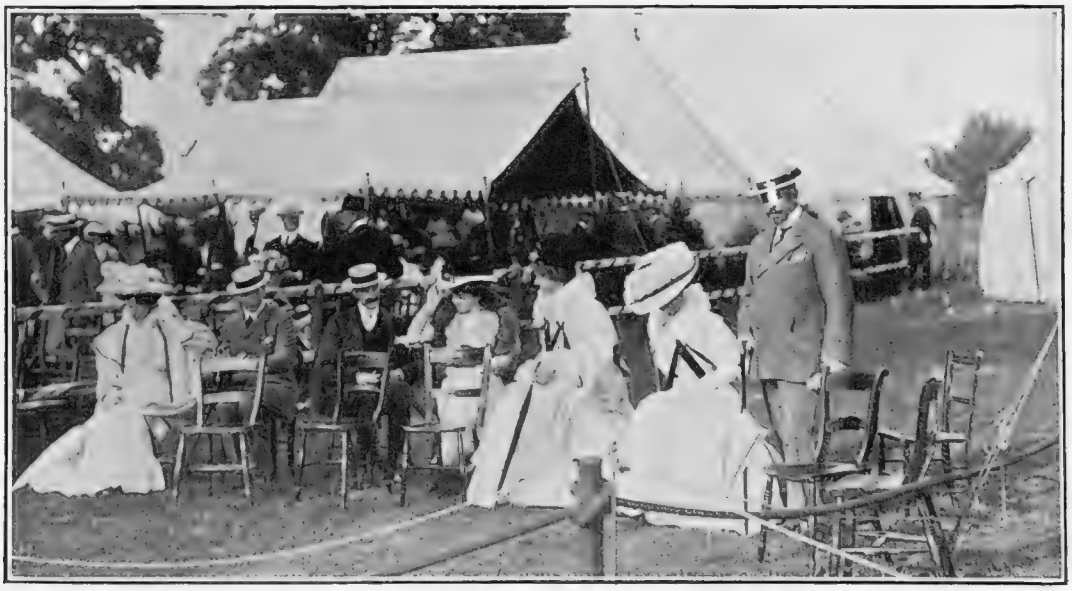


Photo *Topical Agency*

Well-known People as Spectators Watching the Match between Kent and Sussex

From the right: Lord Frederick Phillips, Mrs. Morgan Crofton (wife of Colonel Crofton) and two daughters, Colonel Angelo, Captain Nicholson, and Mrs. Willats

RACING NOTIONS

ST. LEGER PROSPECTS. By "CARBINE"

A Quiet Time in Racing

The members' enclosures at the various race meetings are very thinly attended just now. The magical Twelfth has taken many regular racegoers away to the invigorating moors, and, for the moment, Society is busying itself with other pursuits than the Turf. It always is a quiet time for racing between Goodwood and York, and the next big handicap, the Great Ebor, is not run until a fortnight hence. The St. Leger is fixed for September 11, but one seldom hears the race mentioned. As recently as twenty years ago we had plenty of heavy betting on the Doncaster race long before August, yet nowadays nobody appears to want to back his fancy so long in advance. In the old days, no sooner had the Derby been run than big books were opened on the Leger; but the prices the bookmakers offer you to-day are absurdly cramped, and people have decided that they can get just as good odds on the day of the race. Even if you do have to accept a point or two less than the earlier odds, that is counterbalanced by the certainty of getting a run for your money. And so ante-post betting goes on decreasing every year, especially on the classic races.

Prices to Expect on the St. Leger

What are reasonable prices to expect about the St. Leger at the present time? Orby is suffering from a wasting disease, which was unquestionably the cause of his deplorable display at Liverpool recently. It is doubtful whether we shall see the Derby winner at Doncaster, and even if we do, I for one should be loth to support him so soon after his illness. For the present, therefore, we must leave Orby out of the St. Leger reckoning. Woolwinder is, of course, the favourite, and I think a fair price about him now would be 6 to 4. Captain Greer does not intend to start Slieve Gallion. Much depends, however, upon the French candidate, Roi Herode, who, according to present arrangements, is to be sent across the Channel for this race, and will certainly carry a lot of French money, for he has some excellent form. Roi Herode, then, must be reckoned second favourite to Woolwinder, and I should put his price down at 7 to 1. Next Comus, a much-improved colt, has to be considered. Perhaps 100 to 8 would be a fair price about him. Acclaim and Linacre would be about 15 to 1, and such as Slim Lad, All Black, Stickup, Olympian, Hymethus, St. Savin, Weathercock, Bezonian, Dusty Miller, and Prince of Orange would probably all be quoted at 20 to 1 or more, if a fair-minded bookmaker were asked to name his price.

A Forecast of the Odds

This, then, is my view of what the St. Leger betting should be —6 to 4 Woolwinder, 7 to 1 Roi Herode, 10 to 1 Comus, 15 to 1 Acclaim and Linacre, 20 to 1 others. For the sake of comparison, I shall await with interest the appearance of the first real list of quotations. Had Orby remained fit and well, I should have placed Woolwinder at 2 to 1, and the Derby winner at 3 to 1, for Colonel Baird's colt has made extraordinarily good progress since Epsom, and will probably be well suited by the longer course. It is a thousand pities that Orby is under a cloud, for nothing would be more interesting than to see him and Woolwinder fight their Epsom battle over again. I hope that it may yet be possible for his trainer to bring him to the Town Moor in good racing trim.

The Autumn Handicaps

Meanwhile, it is obvious that Orby is by no means despaired of, for he is entered for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. In neither of those races is Woolwinder to be found, though the entries, on the whole, are exceedingly satisfactory. The White Knight is practically certain to head the list in the Cesarewitch, though he cannot be asked to give more than a pound or two to Eider in view of their memorable struggle at Ascot, while Velocity will be nearly as heavily weighted. In the Cambridgeshire, the presence of champions like Polymelus, Velocity, Dinneford, Andover, Slieve Gallion, Galvani, Lally, and several French cracks, seems to be the augury of a great race. But it is unfair to discuss these handicaps at length before the weights and acceptances are out.

Bookmakers and Backers

Do the bookmakers wish to hasten the arrival of the Paris-Mutuel in this country? It looks uncommonly like it, for the new rule as to allowing fifteen minutes to elapse after each race before settling the ready-money bets is causing much annoyance among backers in the smaller rings, who ask, with reason, why they should be called upon to provide bookies with their capital for the day? Under the new system, it is possible for a bookmaker to open business with scarcely a sovereign in his satchel. All he has to do is to pay out any losses incurred on the first race with the proceeds of the second, and so throughout the programme until the last race, over which small backers now stand an uncommonly good chance of being welshed. The new rule is all very well in Tattersall's, where nearly all the bookmakers are well known and perfectly to be depended on; but it won't work in the cheaper enclosures, and will have to be dropped.

Selections

There will be a quiet meeting at Kempton Park on Wednesday and Thursday. If Sir Archibald contests the International Plate on the first day, he is sure to be a raging favourite, for he is reckoned to be our best two-year-old, but I question his ability to give the weight to **Cheshire Cat.** **Roseate Dawn** may take the Greenwood Handicap, and **Athleague** the Princess's Plate on Thursday; while **Rarer Sort** may win the August Handicap at Windsor.

GAMES AND PASTIMES

YACHTING

Cowes

Of the three 15-metre boats racing last week, Mr. W. P. Burton's *Britomart* sustained her reputation for being the best in moderate or strong winds; while *Ma'oona* (Mr. Talbot Clifton) won in the light airs which prevailed on the Monday, and *Shimna* (Mr. W. Yates) did best in a really hard blow on Thursday, when double-reefed mainsails and small headsails were the order of the day. *Shimna* also won on Saturday. Perhaps the most popular victory of the week was that of Sir James Pender's *Brynhild* in the 23-metre class on the Monday—her first out-and-out win of the season; for, although on July 13 she got home in front of *White Heather* (Mr. Myles Kennedy), she failed to concede the special time allowance granted to Mr. Robert Young's *Nyria*, which finished third. It, therefore, looked, early last week, as if her popular owner's proverbial ill-luck had at length taken a turn for the better; but in the course of last Friday's race, while rounding the Warner Lightship off Ryde, one of her crew was washed overboard and drowned, and the race was, of course, given up. It will be remembered that in her maiden race, right at the beginning of the season, one of her hands was killed by a fall from aloft on to the deck.

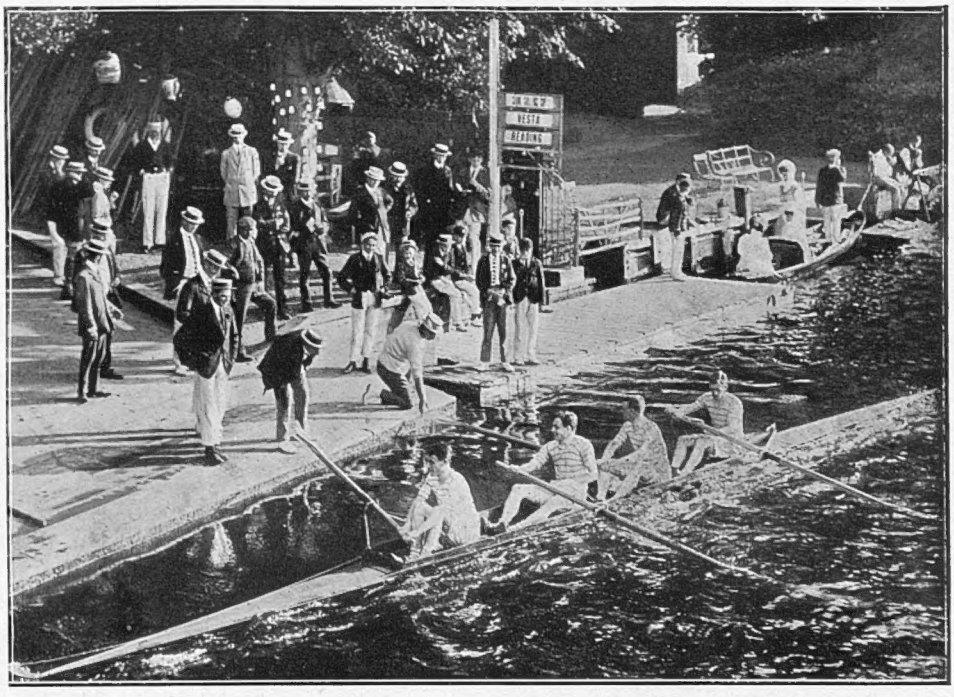
Royal Cup Winners

Over the big races for the King's Cup, the Emperor's Cup, and the Town Cup, it is somewhat hard to wax enthusiastic, for they are handicaps, and to handicap yachts so as to "bring them together" in whatever weather may happen to prevail is an impossibility. It usually happens that some boat gets the weather that suits her, *plus* a big allowance, and so wins easily. Last year it was the big yawl *Satanita*, and this year it was Lord Dunraven's ketch *Cariad* (not to be confounded with Sir James Pender's cutter *Kariad* of last season). She is a cruiser with a genuine ketch rig, which is designed for handiness, not for speed, and under ordinary conditions in the Solent her big time allowance would probably not have been too much for her, but the hard weather just suited her, and she sailed wonderfully fast. She might possibly have won all three races if, in the King's Cup, she had not boldly set a jackyard topsail, which proved too much, in the jump, for her topmast. But she won both the Emperor's Cup and the Town Cup pretty easily, while the German Emperor's big schooner won the King's, finishing first with 50 sec. to spare on time. This, by the way, is the fourth Royal Cup which the German Emperor has won with his three *Meteors*. *Meteor* the first (formerly *Thistle*), a cutter, won the Queen's Cup in 1893; *Meteor II.*, a yawl, won it again in 1899; and his present ship, the schooner *Meteor III.*, won the King's Cup before, in 1903, as well as last week.

CRICKET

The Canterbury Cricket Week

Kent held their sixty-sixth annual cricket festival at Canterbury last week. Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday were devoted to the return match with Sussex, which resulted in a draw; while on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday Kent met Lancashire. The match resulted in a win for Lancashire by 87 runs. Kent's defeat was undoubtedly in great measure due to the wet state of the wicket. The match with Sussex was peculiar for the rallies made by each team in their respective first innings. It was their eighth partnership which saved Sussex from putting together a very poor score indeed, and in the same way Kent had seven wickets down for 130, when the eighth partnership brought in 90 more runs. Kent put together 353 in their first innings, thus gaining a lead of 143 over their opponents. Mr. J. R. Mason made 121 not out. In their second innings, Sussex scored heavily, making 436 for the loss of three wickets, when they declared. Relf made 210, while Vine came next with 108. Kent had put together 112 for three wickets when stumps were pulled and the



Marlow Regatta: The Start for the Grand Challenge Cup

Crews leaving the landing-stage. Vesta and Reading were the contestants for the final, and Vesta easily won by three lengths

The Channel Swim

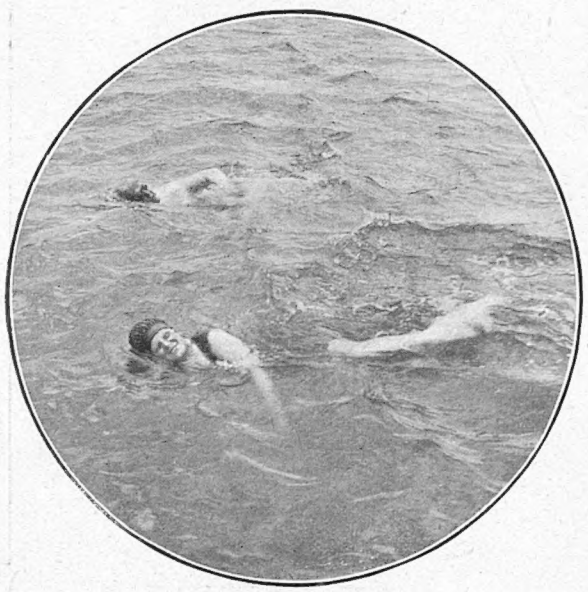
match was left drawn. The spectators of this match numbered over 20,000. There are always a lot of social events in connection with the Canterbury week, and these included performances at the theatre by that well-known amateur company, The Old Stagers, and dances at the St. Margaret's Hall. The Old Stagers gave, on Monday and Thursday, *The Derelict* and *Noble Lord*, and on Tuesday and Friday *Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace* was played.

LAWN TENNIS

Newcastle Notes

Those who expected a sort of *réchauffé* of the Championships, with the now almost indispensable International sauce, at the Newcastle tournament were somewhat disappointed, for Miss Sutton, after all, did not defend the Northumberland County Championship, which she won last year, and Norman Brookes retired from the corresponding men's event after playing a round or two; so that the only foreign competitor who really persevered in the Singles was the Australian, G. C. Sharp. But in the Doubles Brookes played with Sharp, and won the event, beating Hillyard and Eaves in the final; while in the Mixed Doubles, Brookes partnered Mrs. Hillyard. Here, however, he was not entirely successful, for the pair, after going through to the final, and beating, among others, Eaves and Mrs. Sterry, were beaten by Hillyard and Mrs. Chambers in a match which was remarkable for the splendid play of Mrs. Chambers and the cool manner in which she circumvented Brookes at the net. It was, indeed, quite Mrs. Chambers's tournament, for, besides this event, she won the Ladies' Championship, beating both Mrs. Sterry and Mrs. Hillyard, and also the Ladies' Doubles with Mrs. Sterry. She was altogether in better form than at the Championships, and it is quite possible that she might have succeeded in reversing the Wimbledon result if Miss Sutton had elected to defend. With Brookes out of the way, the Men's Championship practically resolved itself into a duel between those old opponents, Hillyard and Eaves. Last year they fought out the final and Hillyard won; this year they met in the semi-final and "the doctor" turned the tables, ultimately winning the final pretty easily from A. H. Green, who had previously beaten Sharp. Eaves, who is certainly in great form just now, has never won this particular Championship before, and it is a fact worth noting that since 1902 it has been won by a different man every year. The record is as follows:—1902, S. H. Smith; 1903, J. M. Boucher; 1904, H. L. Doherty; 1905, A. W. Dunlop (Australia); 1906, G. W. Hillyard; 1907, W. V. Eaves.

The Channel Swim: Wolffe preparing to start under the South Foreland



In Mid-Channel: Wolffe and Miss Lily Smith at sea

Miss Smith accompanied Wolffe for three hours continuously. She is the first English lady to accompany a Channel swimmer. Wolffe finished three-quarters of a mile from the French coast:—a tantalising conclusion to a plucky effort

The Irish Drive

The Irish Champion, J. C. Parke, was playing at the Coventry tournament, and proved, by repeating the performance, that his defeat of Ritchie in Dublin was no fluke. He is a most interesting player to watch, especially to old stagers like myself, for his game is a tolerably faithful reproduction of that which made Irishmen so formidable fifteen to twenty years ago. I had begun to think that the Irish drive was an extinct stroke; but it has evidently only been in hiding, for lo! it has cropped up again in all its glory in Parke's game. Many of his base-line drives are lineal descendants of Willoughby Hamilton's—taken late and preferably on the run, but hit with astonishing hardness and placed nearly to an inch. In these days, when so much importance is attached to taking the ball on the top of the bound, and, as it were, smothering it by turning the face of the racket over upon it in the act of striking, it is good to think that the older and more deliberate, but equally severe and probably more accurate, stroke has at length obtained a capable interpreter in a native of the country to which it owes its origin.

Automobile Topics.

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Prince Scipio Borghese is now enjoying the sweets of his very extended reliability trial, or race, by whichever word one prefers to call his undertaking. His progress through Russia on his Itala car was a veritable tour of triumph; while in Germany his main object has been to escape the flattering attentions of his hosts, who are attempting to beguile him with a series of banquets, to compensate, I suppose, for the somewhat stringent fare he had to make shift with in China and Siberia. I made Prince Scipio's acquaintance in Italy some years ago, and he was then, as now, one of the most charming and unassuming of men. He is a splendid linguist, being almost equally at home in English, French, and German. In his family circle, as is very customary with noble Italians, the conversation is mostly conducted in the French language. English is also largely spoken. Italian, except it be in addressing servants, is not generally used. The Borghese family is almost semi-regal, members of it having intermarried with more than one Royal house. His father, the Prince Borghese, a *grand seigneur* of the old school, is a poor man, comparatively speaking, having lost the greater part of his fortune in some disastrous building speculation in Rome many years ago. He lives in an old feudal castle in Tuscany and devotes himself to farming. The Itala car his son has driven throughout has stood the test of a strain unparalleled in the history of motoring. It proves of what the motor is capable as a civilising force. If a car, in a few weeks, can encompass vast uncultivated tracts of unpromising land, in spite of terrible weather conditions, it can overcome anything. There is no portion of the globe where the motor is now inaccessible, and in a peaceful way it is, and will be, a

60 H.-P. MERCÉDÈS, side entrance, *guaranteed* in first-class order, £750; 10-12 H.-P. DE DION, side entrance, sliding gears, detachable top, £250; and five other Cars.—CORRY HURFORD, Ltd. (379 Mayfair), 171, Great Portland St., W.

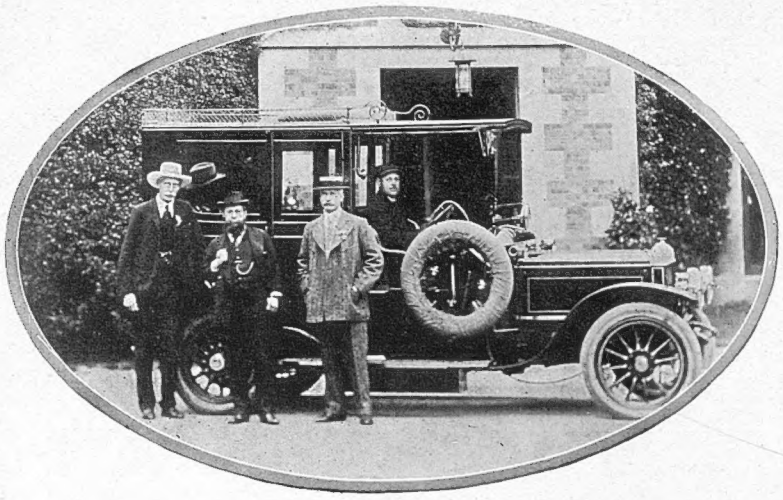
Car-icature—No. XXXIX.: His Grace the Duke of Sutherland, K.G.

The Duke of Sutherland, President of the Royal Automobile Club, is a very distinguished motorist. A short time ago he possessed, at Trentham, one of the finest "studs" of motors in the world. His Grace is also Commodore of the Motor-Yacht Club

(By ALICK P. F. RITCHIE)

Copyright **The Great Pekin-Paris Race** *Kodak, Ltd.*

The arrival of Prince Borghese on his Itala car at Moscow. The Prince has now arrived at his destination, Paris



The Car as an Aid to Political Gatherings

In front of the Daimler car, from left to right, are Sir Frederick Milner, the Duke of Norfolk, and Captain Whittaker, the owner of the car. The photograph was taken at Badworth Hall on the occasion of a big Primrose League meeting

revolutionary feature in our lives whose mission we can as yet but dimly foresee.

* * *

Railways are supposed to be the civilising factor in a new country. Yet at the best they can but cater for the district through which they run, plus a fringe of a few hundred miles on either side. Moreover, in laying out a railway, a vast capital sum is required, while a railway track is always vulnerable to attack by a hostile people. The motor is flexible and can pick its route. I believe that with its aid many rich lands, hitherto inaccessible, but eminently suited for colonisation, will be opened up. Prince Scipio's drive has enabled us to realise this, and he would be a rash man who would deny that within a dozen years or so, the entire balance of the world's population may not be shifted by means of the all-conquering motor.

* * *

Congratulations to my friend Mr. Frederic Eastmead, who has succeeded in accomplishing not only a remarkable test of his 16-20 h.-p. Sunbeam, but has given proof of his own powers of endurance. He drove from end to end of Ireland and back again, a total distance of 763¼ miles, in 39 hr. 45 min., without stopping the engine for a single second. The schedule he set himself was for thirty-five minutes less, but he unfortunately took a wrong turn, and lost the time in climbing a steep hill and then retracing his way. Mr. Eastmead drove at the average legal limit throughout. I have been a passenger on his car more than once, and before this have stated my opinion regarding the merits of the Sunbeam car for touring or town work. It cannot be beaten for reliability, while it is noiseless and fast.

* * *

I have before me as I write a letter from Mr. S. F. Edge on the subject of the live-axle versus chain-driven cars. Mr. Edge, after enumerating the success of certain cars fitted with live axles, states, in his rather pronounced way, that "nothing but the fact that certain factories have machinery to turn out chain-driven cars causes them to continue to be

Mr. Isaac R. Thomas writes us: "My 40 H.-P. WESTINGHOUSE is running beautifully. . . . I am continually surprised by the way it acts—it is so quiet and easily controlled." —A. GAAL AND CO., 17, Hanover Square, London, W.

H. M. HOBSON, LTD., 29, VAUXHALL BRIDGE ROAD, S.W., close to Victoria Station. Sole Concessionnaires for Nagant-Hobson and Decauville Cars, Jenatzy Tyres, and Pognon Plugs. Garage always open.

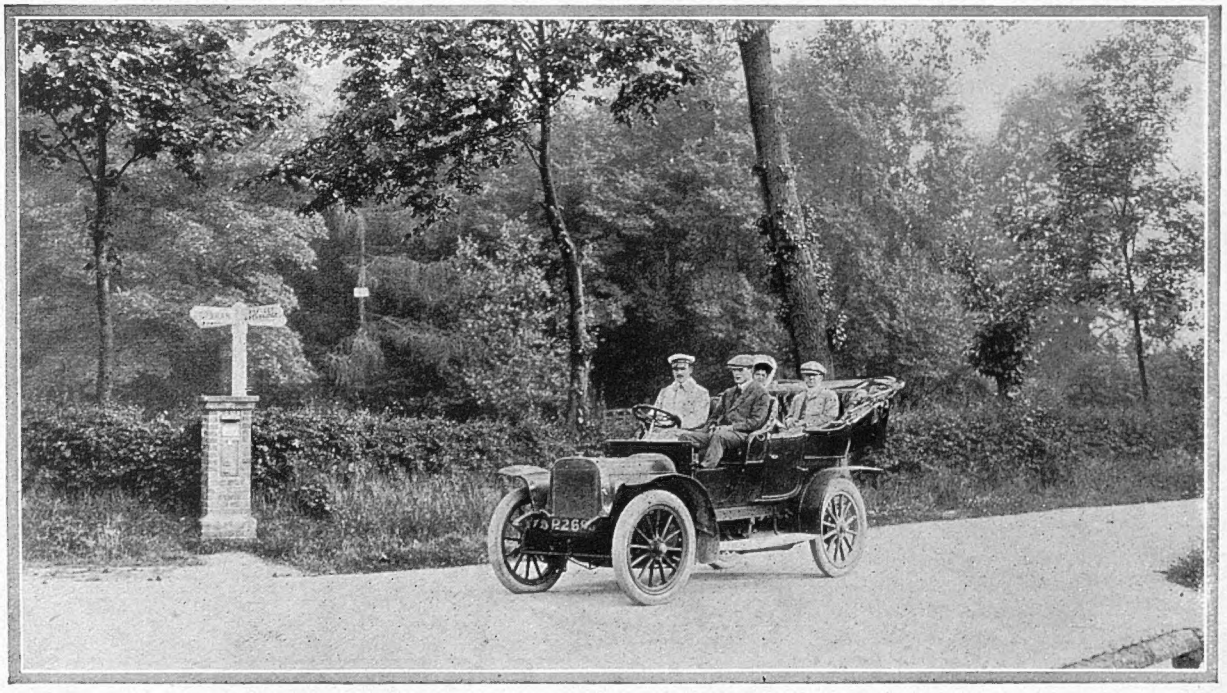


Photo *Archer*

Off for the Holidays

Showing a party starting for their summer holiday tour in an Argyll. The total cost of upkeep of the above car, including tyres, petrol, repairs, etc., was only £21, and 5,000 miles were covered